BATMAN
No.21

FEB...MAR.
TEN CENTS

A SUPERMAN PUBLICATION

BATMAN

BATMAN & ROBIN
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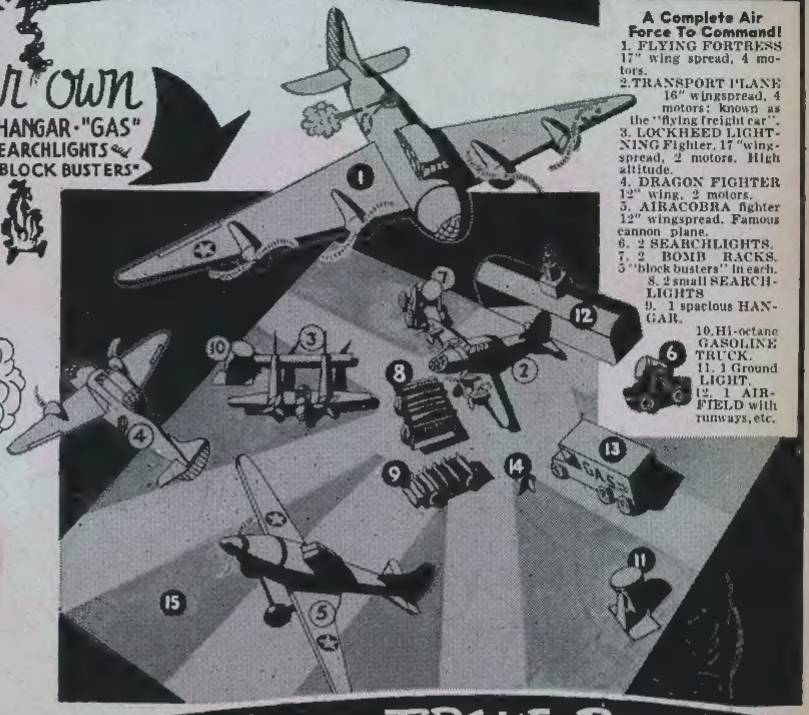

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BATMAN No. 21, Feb.-Mar., 1944, published bi-monthly by Detective Comics, Inc., 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y. F. W. Ellsworth, Editor. Re-entered as second class matter Aug. 1, 1941 at the Post Office at New York, N. Y. under the Act of March 3, 1879. Yearly subscription in the U. S. 75c including postage. For advertising rates address Richard A. Fehlon & Co., 420 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

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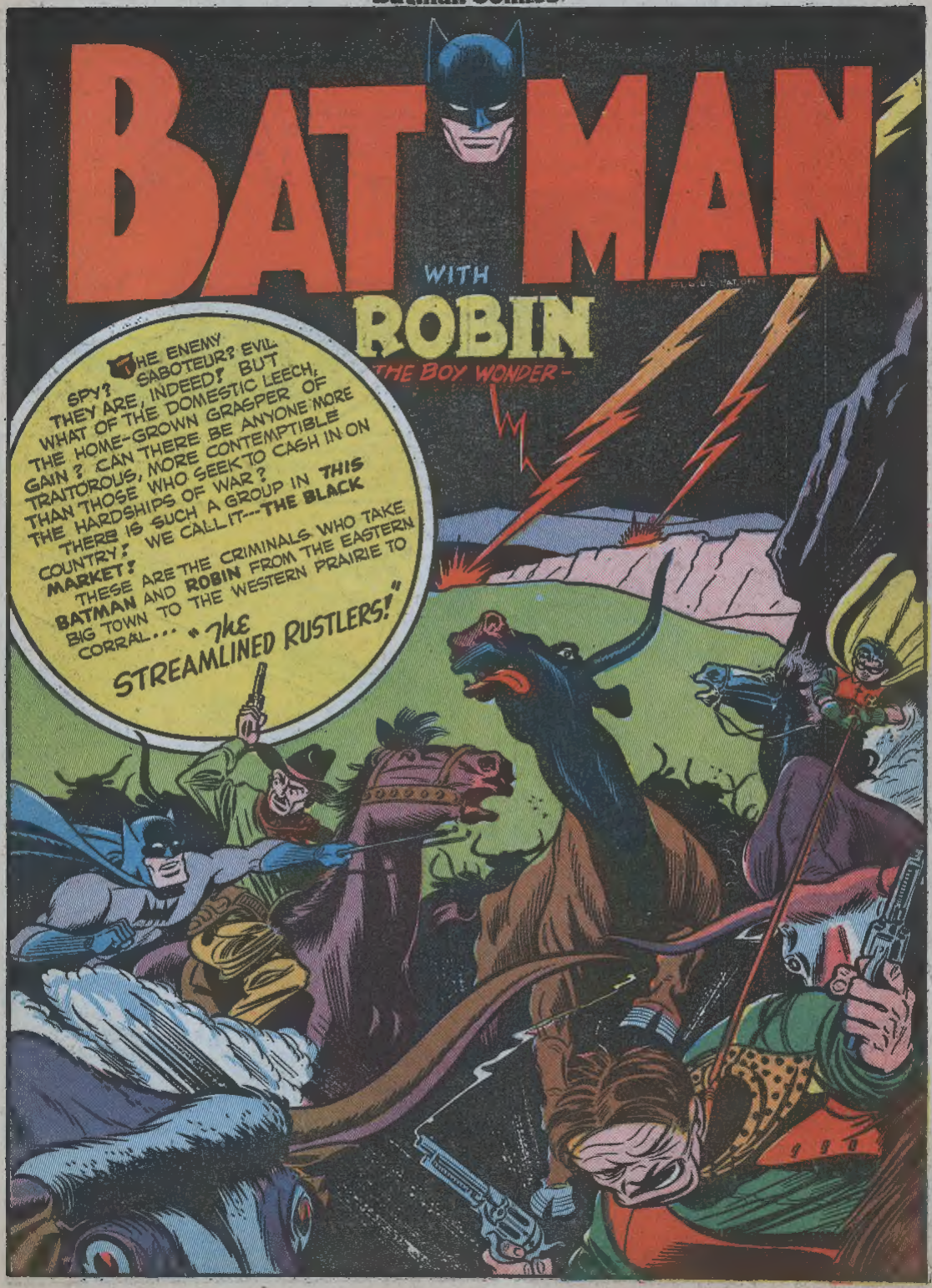
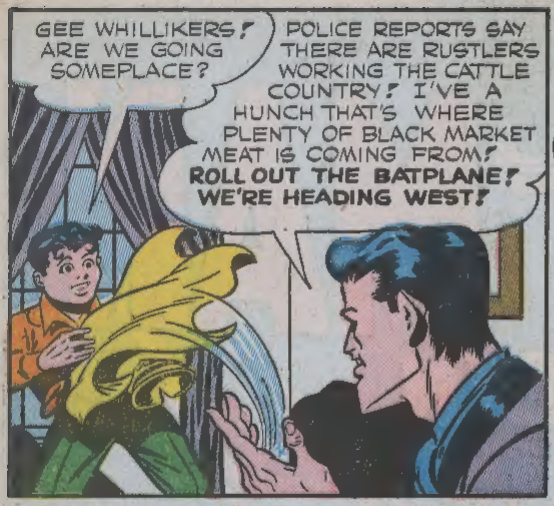
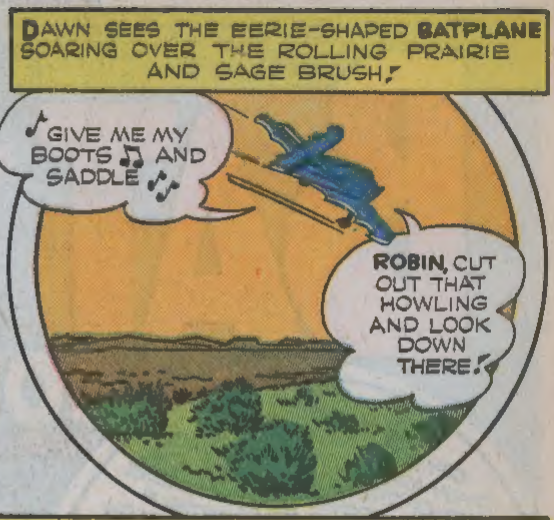
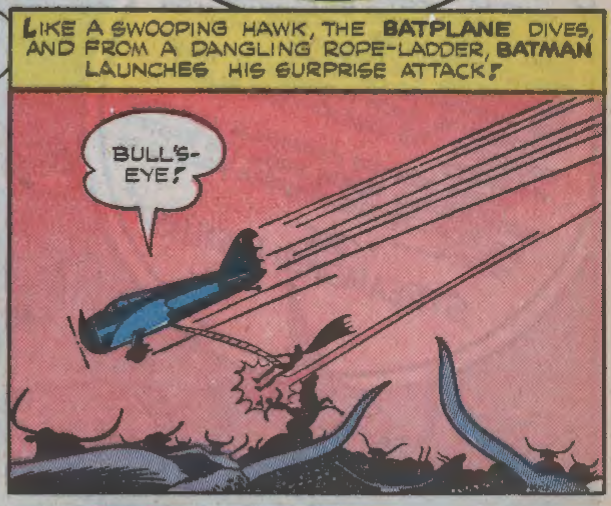
Printed in U.S.A.

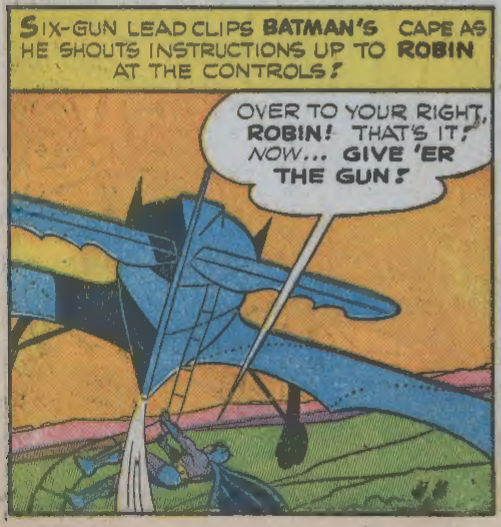

BATMAN
WITH
ROBIN
THE BOY WONDER
THE ENEMY SPY? SABOTEUR? EVIL THEY ARE, INDEED! BUT WHAT OF THE DOMESTIC LEECH, THE HOME-GROWN GRASPER OF GAIN? CAN THERE BE ANYONE MORE TRAITOROUS, MORE CONTEMPTIBLE THAN THOSE WHO SEEK TO CASH IN ON THE HARDSHIPS OF WAR? THERE IS SUCH A GROUP IN THIS COUNTRY! WE CALL IT---THE BLACK MARKET!
THESE ARE THE CRIMINALS WHO TAKE BATMAN AND ROBIN FROM THE EASTERN BIG TOWN TO THE WESTERN PRAIRIE TO CORRAL... "The STREAMLINED RUSTLERS!"

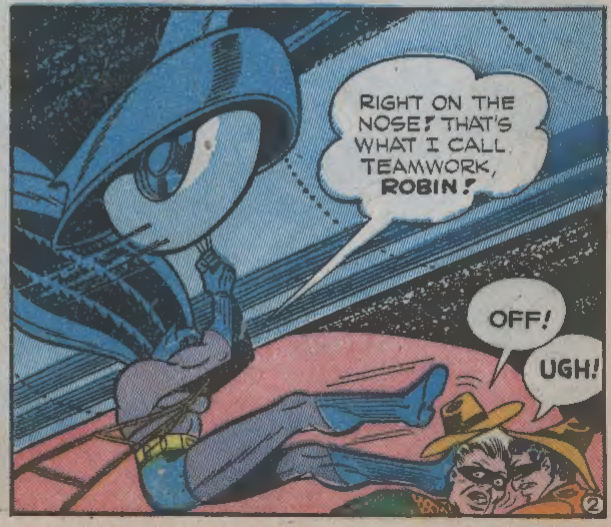

GEE WHILLIKERS! ARE WE GOING SOMEPLACE?
POLICE REPORTS SAY THERE ARE RUSTLERS WORKING THE CATTLE COUNTRY! I'VE A HUNCH THAT'S WHERE PLENTY OF BLACK MARKET MEAT IS COMING FROM! ROLL OUT THE BATPLANE! WE'RE HEADING WEST!


DAWN SEES THE EERIE-SHAPED BATPLANE SOARING OVER THE ROLLING PRAIRIE AND SAGE BRUSH!
GIVE ME MY BOOTS AND SADDLE
ROBIN, CUT OUT THAT HOWLING AND LOOK DOWN THERE!

MASKED MEN! RUSTLERS!
TALK ABOUT LUCK! ROBIN, TAKE THE CONTROLS... AND HEAD DOWN!


LIKE A SWOOPING HAWK, THE BATPLANE DIVES, AND FROM A DANGLING ROPE-LADDER, BATMAN LAUNCHES HIS SURPRISE ATTACK!
BULL'S-EYE!


SIX-GUN LEAD CLIPS BATMAN'S CAPE AS HE SHOUTS INSTRUCTIONS UP TO ROBIN AT THE CONTROLS!
OVER TO YOUR RIGHT, ROBIN! THAT'S IT! NOW... GIVE 'ER THE GUN!


RIGHT ON THE NOSE! THAT'S WHAT I CALL TEAMWORK, ROBIN!
OFF!
UGH!

C'MON, GANG! MAKE TRACKS — PRONTO!
THEY WON'T GET FAR FROM THE BATPLANE! I'LL...
NO, ROBIN! WE MAY NEED THE PLANE TO SPEED THESE WOUNDED COWHANDS TO A HOSPITAL!
BUT, AS THE BATMAN BENDS OVER A FALLEN COWBOY— A GUN MUZZLE BORES INTO HIS BACK!
OKAY, MISTER MASKED RUSTLER! GIT YORE HANDS UP AFORE I BLOW A HOLE THRU YORE CARCASS!
HOLD ON, MR. KRAFT! THIS FELLOW AIN'T LIKELY TO TRY TO RUSTLE YORE CATTLE! HOWDY, BATMAN! I'M SHERIFF COLT!
BATMAN?!!
HELLO, SHERIFF! ... MR. KRAFT! WELL... LOOKS LIKE OPEN SEASON FOR RUSTLERS!
SINCE RATIONING, RUSTLERS HAVE BEEN POPPIN' OUTA GOPHER HOLES 'ROUND THIS COUNTY! BLACK MARKET BEEF FETCHES A FANCY PRICE THESE DAYS!
WHO'S THE STRANGER, SHERIFF?
MEET MR. COTTER, BATMAN! HE OWNS THE "CO" RANCH! HE'S ONE OF THE LUCKY ONES — HAD HIS CATTLE RUSTLED ONLY ONCE SO FAR!
YOU'RE A LONG WAY FROM HOME, BATMAN!
YOU'LL ALWAYS FIND ME AROUND WHERE THERE'S TROUBLE, MR. COTTER!
MR. BRULE, HERE, CAN TELL YOU ABOUT TROUBLE! HIS "DOUBLE BAR 8" RANCH AND HIS "THREE ARROW CIRCLE" HAVE BEEN RUSTLED TWICE APIECE!
BATMAN, EH? WE COULD USE YOU! THE SHERIFF AIN'T DOIN' SO WELL!
NOW, BRULE, THE SHERIFF'S DOIN' THE BEST HE CAN! THESE RUSTLERS OPERATE MIGHTY SLICK— NOBODY SAVIES HOW THEY MANAGE TO GET AWAY SO FAST!
GUESS I DID LOSE MY TEMPER! BUT IT'S EASY FOR YOU TO TALK! YOUR RANCH HAS BEEN RUSTLED ONLY ONCE!
WELL, MY "CIRCLE K" RANCH HAS BEEN RUSTLED FOUR TIMES! EITHER IT STOPS OR WE'LL GET A NEW SHERIFF!

LATER... WHEN THE RANCHERS LEAVE...
Y'SEE, BATMAN, THEIR COMBINED RANCHES COMPRISE THE WHOLE COUNTY UNDER MY JURISDICTION! THE DRAFT TOOK MOST O' MY DEPUTIES, AND WITH ONLY A FEW MEN, IT'S NIGH IMPOSSIBLE TO PATROL THIS BIG AREA PROPERLY!
I CAN SEE THAT!
STILL LATER... AS BATMAN AND ROBIN LEAVE...
ROBIN, I'M WONDERING WHY COTTER WAS SO LUCKY AS TO HAVE HIS RANCH RUSTLED ONLY ONCE!
YES... HE SEEMS TOO INNOCENT FOR ME! VERY OFTEN, WHEN WE FIND THE GUILTY PERSON IN A MYSTERY, HE TURNS OUT TO BE A MAN LIKE COTTER!
THE NEXT MORNING... AS BATMAN VISITS WITH THE SHERIFF...
MR. BRULE! WHAT'S UP? YOU LOOK AS JUMPY AS A JACKRABBIT!
HERE! READ THIS NOTE I JUST FOUND IN MY MAIL!
I HEAR YOU BEEN COMPLAINING YOUR CATTLE HAVE BEEN RUSTLED TOO MANY TIMES! JUST TO MAKE SURE YOU'VE REALLY GOT SOMETHING TO COMPLAIN ABOUT I'M GOING TO RUSTLE YOUR TWO RANCHES AGAIN!
BATMAN, HELP ME! STAY ON MY RANCH... DISGUISE YOURSELF... DO ANYTHING... BUT STOP THEM RUSTLERS!
"DISGUISE"... HMM-MM THAT'S AN IDEA!
SHORE! THAT WAY YOU COULD FOLLOW 'EM TO THEIR HIDEOUT! THEN ME AND M' DEPUTIES WOULD CLOSE IN! BUT WE GOTTA KEEP YORE DISGUISE A SECRET!
NIGHTFALL... AND ON BRULE'S THREE ARROW CIRCLE RANCH, COWHANDS RELAX UNDER THE LIGHT OF A FULL WESTERN MOON...
HOW ABOUT A TUNE ON YORE BANJO, BOSS? ME'N THE BOYS FEEL LIKE KEEYODELIN' TONIGHT!
SURE!
AND AS BRULE PLINKS THE STRINGS OF HIS BANJO, TWO INVITED GUESTS WATCH WITH INTEREST—BATMAN AND ROBIN IN DISGUISE!
HOME... HOME ON THE RANGE..
GOSH, IT'S SO PEACEFUL YOU COULD ALMOST FORGET THIS RUSTLING BUSINESS!
WELL, DON'T FORGET IT! THE CHIEF RUSTLER MAY BE RIGHT HERE AMONG US THIS VERY MINUTE!
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AND LURKING ON THE FRINGE OF THE CROWD ARE TWO OTHER INVITED GUESTS... COTTER AND KRAFT!
PINK A PANK
PINK A PANK
PANK
I WONDER IF BRULE IS PLAYING TO KEEP UP HIS COURAGE?
HE'LL NEED PLENTY OF IT BEFORE THE NIGHT'S OVER! MAYBE HE'LL BE PLAYING A DIFFERENT TUNE TOMORROW!

LATER... WHEN **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN** RETURN TO THEIR ROOM, THEY FIND A NOTE UNDER THEIR DOOR!

WHAT'S IT SAY?

BATMAN & ROBIN: MEET ME AT EXACTLY ELEVEN O'CLOCK AT THE FORKED STREAM ON THE RANGE. HAVE INFORMATION ABOUT RUSTLERS. —A FRIEND

SAY, HOW COULD THIS "FRIEND" KNOW WE'RE **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN**! THAT WAS SUPPOSED TO BE A SECRET!

APPARENTLY IT ISN'T ANYMORE, SO WE MIGHT AS WELL SHUCK THIS DISGUISE AND GET STARTED!

ELEVEN O'CLOCK SHARP! THE FORKED STREAM WHERE STEERS GRAZE IN QUIET COMPLACENCY...

I DON'T SEE ANYBODY! DO YOU?

ONLY STEERS! I THINK WE GOT A BUM STEER, IF YOU ASK ME!

SUDDENLY!! CRASHING SHOTS, AND YELLS SPLIT THE NIGHT! LIKE A RELEASED AVALANCHE, THE PANIC-CRAZED CATTLE THUNDER INTO A MIGHTY STAMPEDE!

YAHOO!

BANG!

CRASH!

GIT ALONG! YAHOO!

STAMPEDE!

KNIFE-EDGED HOOFS GRIND EARTH TO POWDER, CHOP GRASS TO SHREDS... AS THE IRRESISTIBLE TIDE OF MADDENED STEERS POUND FORWARD!

RUN, ROBIN! RUN OR WE'RE GONERS! **ROBIN!!**

UH..!

CAN'T RUN! WRENCHED MY ANKLE! GO ON! YOU MIGHT STILL MAKE IT!

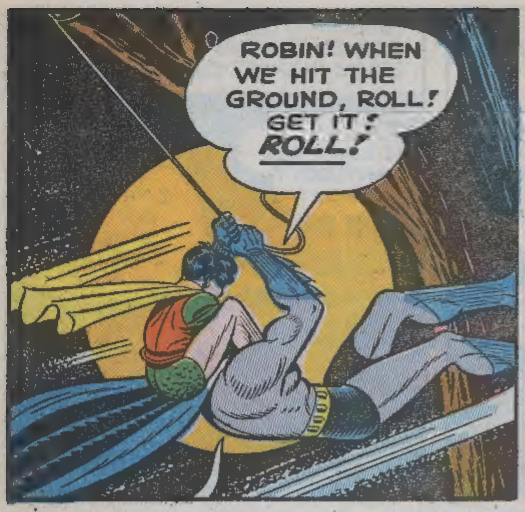
AND LEAVE YOU? NOT ON YOUR LIFE! THAT TREE... A SLIM CHANCE... BUT I'VE GOT TO TRY IT!

A QUICK FLIP AND THE **BATMAN'S** STEEL-SILK ROPE WHISTLES THROUGH THE AIR TO WHIP 'ROUND A STOUT BRANCH!

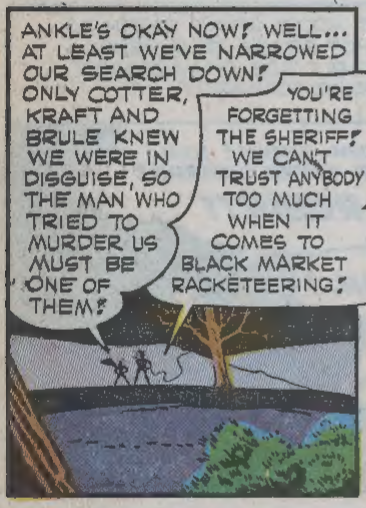
HOLD TIGHT! HERE WE GO!

AND BEFORE THE PRONGED HORNS OF THE THUNDERING STEERS, **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN** CATAPULT FORWARD IN A RACE WITH MANGLING DOOM!

CAN THEY MAKE IT?



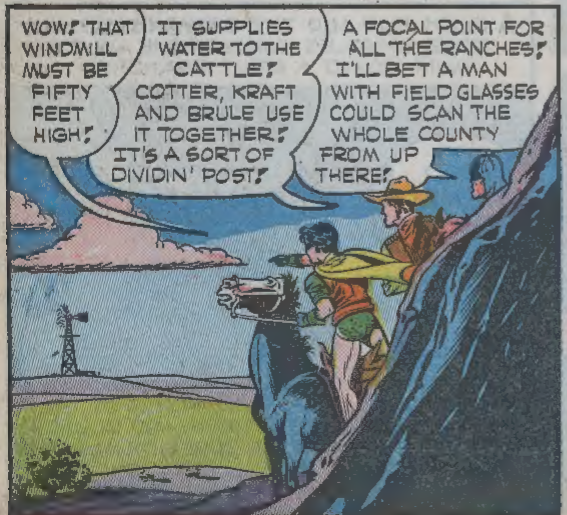
LIKE TWO CATS THEY ALIGHT ON THE HARD TURF... AND ROLL, TUMBLE ONWARD IN THEIR MOMENTUM — TO *CLEAR THE FLANK OF THE THUNDERING HERD!*

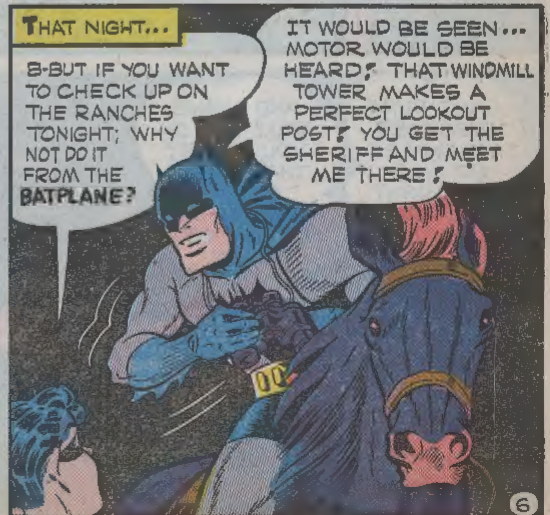

ANKLE'S OKAY NOW! WELL... AT LEAST WE'VE NARROWED OUR SEARCH DOWN! ONLY COTTER, KRAFT AND BRULE KNEW WE WERE IN DISGUISE, SO THE MAN WHO TRIED TO MURDER US MUST BE ONE OF THEM!
YOU'RE FORGETTING THE SHERIFF! WE CAN'T TRUST ANYBODY TOO MUCH WHEN IT COMES TO BLACK MARKET RACKETEERING!

NEXT DAY.... **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN** ARE INVITED TO RIDE THE RANGE WITH SHERIFF COLT...

THIS IS BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY, SHERIFF!
YES, I GUESS I LOVE THE WEST MORE'N I DO MY OWN LIFE... AND THAT'S WHY I JUST GOTTA GET THEM RUSTLERS!

OUR WESTERN BOYS ARE FIGHTIN' ON ALL FRONTS NOW--- AND US AT HOME ARE BUYIN' WAR BONDS AND DOIN' DEFENSE WORK... BUT THESE BLACK MARKET RUSTLERS ARE GIVIN' THE WEST A BAD NAME! NOW Y'SEE WHY I GOTTA GET 'EM?
YES--- I SEE!


WOW! THAT WINDMILL MUST BE FIFTY FEET HIGH!
IT SUPPLIES WATER TO THE CATTLE! COTTER, KRAFT AND BRULE USE IT TOGETHER! IT'S A SORT OF DIVIDIN' POST!
A FOCAL POINT FOR ALL THE RANCHES! I'LL BET A MAN WITH FIELD GLASSES COULD SCAN THE WHOLE COUNTY FROM UP THERE!


THAT NIGHT...
B-BUT IF YOU WANT TO CHECK UP ON THE RANCHES TONIGHT; WHY NOT DO IT FROM THE BATPLANE?
IT WOULD BE SEEN... MOTOR WOULD BE HEARD! THAT WINDMILL TOWER MAKES A PERFECT LOOKOUT POST! YOU GET THE SHERIFF AND MEET ME THERE!

BUT UPON NEARING THE WINDMILL, BATMAN RECEIVES A SURPRISE...
WHOA! SOMEONE HERE BEFORE... AND SENDING OUT LIGHT SIGNALS! I'LL BET THAT'S HOW THE RUSTLERS KNOW IT'S ALL CLEAR TO GO AHEAD!
WITH THE STEALTH OF A MOUNTAIN CAT, BATMAN PADS SILENTLY TO THE TOWER AND STARTS TO CLIMB...
I HEARD SOMETHING— OOFF!
NOT SOMETHING... SOMEONE!
BUT THE RUSTLER IS A TOUGH ANTAGONIST!
OHHH!
A WHIRLING WINDMILL BLADE CLIPS BATMAN ON THE TEMPLE... AND BATS HIM OFF THE SCAFFOLD INTO EMPTY SPACE!
GASPING FOR BREATH, BATMAN BENDS OVER IN AGONY FROM THE FOWL KICK... BUT A FIERCE HAYMAKER STRAIGHTENS HIM UP... SENDS HIM TOTTERING BACK.... BACK....
...BACK TO THE CHURNING BLADES!

BUT BATMAN'S LUCKY STAR IS SHINING! HIS TUMBLING BODY DROPS LIKE A PLUMMET—INTO THE WATER TANK!
JUST ONE SHOT AND IT'S ALL OVER! NO! THAT'S TOO QUICK! I WANT HIM TO SUFFER! I GOT A BETTER IDEA! HA! HA! YEAH!
HALF-UNCONSCIOUS FROM PUNISHMENT AND HIS EXERTIONS, BATMAN SLUMPS WEARILY TO THE GROUND... WHEN AN ARM PROPS HIM UP... A FRIENDLY VOICE SPEAKS ALMOST HYPNOTICALLY...
GO AHEAD... CHEW IT... IT'LL MAKE YOU FEEL GOOD... THAT'S IT... NOW SWALLOW IT...THAT'S FINE... HA! HA!
HALF AN HOUR LATER...
HE'S COMING TO, SHERIFF! THANK HEAVENS!
WHAT...?
HEE! HEE! GO 'WAY! GO 'WAY! HEE! HEE! HEEEEEEEHEEEEEEEE!
HUH?
HEE! HEE! GUN! WANT GUN! MAKE BIG NOISE! BANG! BANG! HEE! HEE!
HEY!
SHERIFF, AM I SEEING THINGS? AM I?
HEE! HEE! GIDDAP, HORSEY! BANG! BANG! I'M A COWBOY! YAHOO! HEE!
BANG
JUMPIN' GILA MONSTERS! THE BATMAN'S GONE LOCO... GONE PLUMB LOCO!
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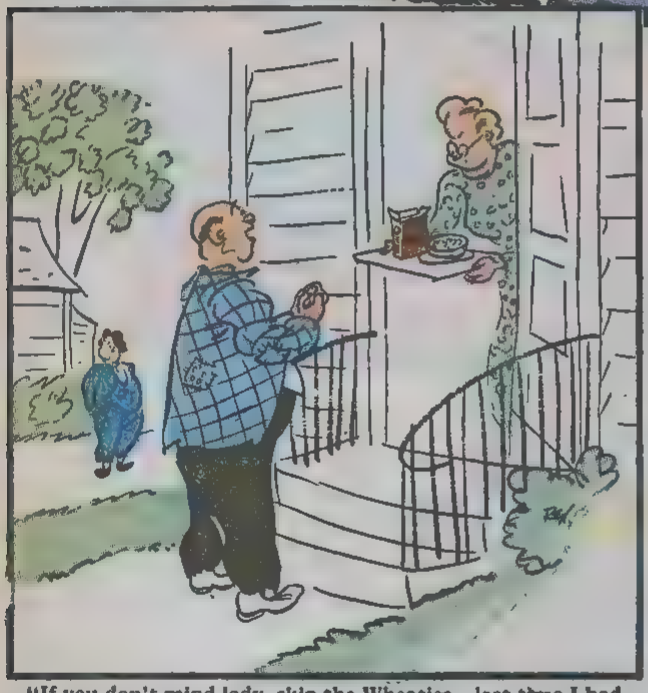
HE'S GONE PLUMB LOCO, I TELL YA! LOCO! THAT'S IT! I SEEN HORSES AND CATTLE ACT LIKE THAT WHEN THEY NIBBLED ON LOCO WEED!
YOU MEAN SOMEONE FED BATMAN SOME LOCO WEED!?!
WE GOTTA DO SOMETHIN' FAST! I SEEN HORSES DIE AFTER EATIN' THAT STUFF! GO AHEAD NOW! SOCK 'IM ONE!
DIE?? SOCK HIM?
POOR ROBIN!
GOSH, BATMAN... I JUST GOTTA DO THIS! (GULP) HERE GOES!
SOMETIME LATER... AT THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE...
THIS IS THE SAME STUFF WE GIVE HORSES WHEN THEY'VE EATEN LOCO WEED! HOPE IT WORKS ON A MAN!
HE CAN'T DIE! HE CAN'T! GOLLY, WHY COULDN'T IT HAVE BEEN ME, INSTEAD! PLEASE! PLEASE DON'T LET HIM DIE!
WEARY HOURS LATER AS DAWN CROWDS OUT THE NIGHT...
HOW IS HE? TELL ME!
BY ALL RIGHTS, HE SHOULD BE DEAD! BUT HE AIN'T!...STRONG AS A HOSS! GO IN! HE WANTS YA!
GOLLY! I THOUGHT YOU... YOU... GOLLY! GUESS YOU THINK I'M A SISSY BAWLING THIS WAY!
HECK, I'M DOING A LITTLE BAWLING MYSELF!
SNIFF... SNIFF...
BUT AFTER THE REUNION COMES BUSINESS!
YOU WANT TO GO BACK TO THE TOWER— NOW?
YES...WHILE I WAS FIGHTING THE RUSTLER, I TORE HIS POCKET! SOMETHING FELL OUT! MAYBE IT'S A CLUE! ANYWAY, IT'S WORTH WHILE LOOKING FOR IT!
AND LATER... ATOP THE TOWER, BATMAN FINDS HIS CLUE...
LOOKS LIKE JUST A HARD BIT OF CELLULOID TO ME! NOTHING MUCH TO IT!
PERHAPS... BUT IT TELLS ME WHO IS THE HEAD OF THE RUSTLERS!
READERS, WHAT IS THIS CLUE? DOES IT TELL YOU WHO IS THE GUILTY MAN??

BATMAN EXPLAINS A PLAN OF STRATEGY...
YOU WANT SHERIFF COLT TO TELL EVERYONE YOU'RE DEAD?
I GET IT! THE GUILTY HOMBRE WILL THINK HIS SECRET'S SAFE, AND HE'LL CLIMB THAT TOWER AGAIN TO SIGNAL HIS MEN— BUT WE'LL NAB HIM FIRST!
NO! NO AMBUSH! I WANT THAT SIGNAL TO GO THROUGH SO IT WILL BRING THE RUSTLING GANG OUT OF HIDING AND WE CAN TRAP THE WHOLE MOB ALL AT ONCE!
ACCORDINGLY...THAT DAY...
BATMAN... DEAD? ARE YOU SURE?
SHORE I'M SHORE! TAKIN' HIS BODY HOME NOW BY BATPLANE!
WE'LL... I GUESS THE RUSTLERS WILL BE GLAD OF THAT! WITH BATMAN OUT OF THE WAY, THEY'LL STOP AT NOTHING NOW!
WANTED
THAT NIGHT... ATOP A REARING TELEGRAPH TOWER...
HE'S SENDING SIGNALS TO THE NORTH! AND KRAFT'S "CIRCLE K" RANCH LIES NORTH! THIS IS IT!
SOON AFTER... A POSSE OF VENGEFUL LAWMEN GALLOPS ACROSS THE PRAIRIE!
C'MON, MEN! WE'VE GOTTA TAKE THEM RUSTLERS BY SURPRISE!
AND WHEN THE "CIRCLE K" RANGE IS REACHED, THE STREAMLINED METHOD OF MODERN RUSTLING IS REVEALED!
A TRAILER!! SO THAT'S HOW THEY WERE ABLE TO GIT AWAY SO FAST!
THEY'D LOAD ABOUT THIRTY HEAD OF STOCK INTO THAT TRAILER AND SPEED OFF WITH THEM BEFORE YOUR HORSES COULD EVEN GET CLOSE!
AN ANGRY BLAST FROM THE SHERIFF'S SIX-GUN IS THE SIGNAL FOR THE CHARGE!
LET THE COYOTES HAVE IT!
AND IN THE MIDST OF THAT GUN BATTLE, BATMAN AND ROBIN FLASH THEIR OWN BRAND OF BATTLE TACTICS!
SO YOU'RE A WESTERN BADMAN! NAUGHTY, NAUGHTY!

IT'S NO USE! YOU HAVEN'T GOT A CHANCE!
WELL... LOOK WHAT I FOUND IN THE TRUCK!
BRANDING IRONS!
SWIFTLY BATMAN PRESSES THE IRONS IN THE SOFT TURF TO REVEAL THE BRANDS...
I NEVER SAW THOSE RANCH BRANDS BEFORE!
THAT'S JUST IT! THEY DON'T BELONG TO ANY RANCH! C'MON! I'M GOING TO TAKE YOU TO THE HEAD OF THE RUSTLERS!
SOMETIME LATER... THEIR GALLOPING HORSES TAKE THE DUO TO THE RANCH OF...
BRULE!!
YES, ROBIN... BRULE... THE SECRET HEAD OF THE BLACK MARKET RUSTLERS!
WHA...??
YOU'RE PLUMB LOCO! ARE YOU FORGETTIN' MY CATTLE WERE RUSTLED?
I'M NOT LOCO ANYMORE! THAT "RUSTLING" OF YOUR CATTLE WAS JUST TO MAKE YOU SEEM A VICTIM, TOO!
OH, YEAH? WELL, HOW ARE YOU GOIN' TO EXPLAIN THE THREATENING NOTE I GOT?
THAT'S EASY! YOU SENT IT TO YOURSELF! IT WAS JUST A TRICK TO LURE ROBIN AND MYSELF TO YOUR RANCH... AND INTO A DEATH TRAP!
BUT WHAT'S EVEN MORE CONCLUSIVE, YOU DROPPED THIS BIT OF HARD CELLULOID ATOP THE TOWER! IN THE MUSIC WORLD IT IS CALLED A PLECTRUM! IT IS USED TO PICK STRINGS ON A BANJO! AND YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE OF THE THREE RANCHERS WHO PLAYS A BANJO!

THEN, WITH A STICK, BATMAN TRACES TWO DESIGNS IN THE SOFT TURF...
AND HERE'S MY FINAL PROOF! I'VE TRACED THE BRANDS OF COTTER'S RANCH, THE "CO"... AND KRAFT'S RANCH, THE "CIRCLE K"! NOW OVER THEM I WILL SUPERIMPOSE THE MARKINGS OF THE TWO BRANDING IRONS FOUND IN THE RUSTLERS' TRUCK...
CO
... AND NOW THEY BECOME THE "DOUBLE BAR 8" RANCH AND THE "THREE ARROW CIRCLE" RANCH... THE NAMES AND BRANDS OF YOUR TWO RANCHES!
YOU TOOK THOSE NAMES AND BRANDS FOR YOUR RANCHES SO YOU COULD RUSTLE COTTER AND KRAFT'S CATTLE AND MINGLE THEM WITH YOUR OWN HERD!
YA SNOOPIN' TENDERFOOT! I'LL...
BLAM! BLAM!
MAYBE I CAN'T GET YOU, BUT I CAN GET THIS BRAT YOU'RE SO FOND OF!...
AGH!
BLAM!
I GUESS IT WAS OL' BETSY WHO HAD THE LAST WORD IN THIS TRIGGER TALK!
NEXT MORNING BATMAN AND ROBIN PREPARE TO BREAK CAMP...
BATMAN, YOU AND ROBIN DID US A SWELL SERVICE BY HELPIN' TO WIPE OUT THOSE BLACK MARKET RUSTLERS!
SHERIFF, IF PEOPLE WOULDN'T PATRONIZE BLACK MARKET TRAITORS AND THINK MORE OF THEIR COUNTRY INSTEAD OF THEIR STOMACHS, THAT WOULD BE THE GREATEST SERVICE OF ALL!
AND SO, ITS GOODBYE TO THE LAND OF THE PURPLE SAGE AS THE BATPLANE WINGS EASTWARD OVER THE ROLLING PRAIRIE...
WELL, SHERIFF, THERE THEY GO... BACK TO THE BIG CITY!
YEP... THEY DID THEIR PART... LET'S HOPE OTHER FOLKS DO THEIRS!!
THE END



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BATMAN
WITH
ROBIN
-THE BOY WONDER-
BOB KANE
CRIME COMMUNIQUE
"LAST NIGHT, OUR MECHANIZED RIFLERS STORMED A STRATEGIC STRONGHOLD--- JONES JEWELS INC.--- AND PUT OUT OF ACTION ONE NIGHT WATCHMAN AND TWO COPS... THEN RETREATED TO PREVIOUSLY PREPARED POSITIONS WITH MUCH BOOTY, INCLUDING A DIAMOND NECKLACE WORTH TEN GRAND, EMERALD BRACELETS, RINGS, WATCHES, ETC.!"
THERE'S A SAMPLE OF WHAT HAPPENS WHEN CRIMINAL FORCES IN FULL BATTLE ARRAY TAKE THE OFFENSIVE AGAINST LAW AND ORDER IN GOTHAM CITY! BUT WHEN THOSE TWO TACTICAL TERRORS--MIGHTY BATMAN AND ROBIN THE BOY WONDER--- LAUNCH A THUNDERING COUNTER-ATTACK, BRAINS AND BRAWN TURN THE TIDE OF COMBAT! AND IT'S ALL OVER BUT THE SHOOTING FOR THE---
"BLITZKRIEG BANDITS!"

NOCTURNAL SILENCE BLANKETS GOTHAM CITY... BUT NEAR THE WHARVES, A GRIM BATTLE RAGES BETWEEN BATMAN AND ROBIN AND THE NOTORIOUS GANG OF CHOPPER GANT!
YOU'RE LOWER THAN A DACHSHUND, CHOPPER... STEALING FOOD TO SELL IN TIMES LIKE THESE!
YOU'RE GOING TO BE LOWER THAN THAT IN A SECOND!
FOOD WAREHOUSE
MEATS
BANANAS
BEANS
BANANAS... TREACHEROUSLY FLUNG BENEATH THE FEET OF THE POWERHOUSE PAIR... PROVIDE ESCAPE FOR THE BELEAGUERED BANDITS...
OOPS!
THAT TAKES CARE OF 'EM! COME ON!
BUT PURSUIT OF THE EVIL IS SWIFT...
VERY UNDIGNIFIED, GETTING SPILLED LIKE THAT!
IT ISN'T MY DIGNITY THAT HURTS! BUT THEY'LL ACHE ALL OVER WHEN WE GET OUR HANDS ON THEM!
WHERE'D THEY DISAPPEAR TO, SO FAST?
THAT LECTURE HALL, MAYBE...
LECTURE HALL
TONIGHT! HANN BAL BONAPARTE BROWN } MILITARY SCIENCE
CONCERNING STRATEGIC RETREAT, I QUOTE CLAUSEWITZ...
LISTEN TO THAT! IF CHOPPER AND HIS MUGGS CAME IN HERE, THEY COULDN'T STAND IT LONG!
AUDITORIUM
LET'S GO!
BUT WHEN THE LECTURE DRAWS TO A CLOSE...
WOW! WE SURE PUT ONE OVER ON DEM, SLIPPIN' IN HERE! BUT LISTENING TO DAT HANNIBAL BONEYPART GUY IS ALMOST AS BAD AS SCRAPPIN' WID BATMAN!
YEAH, STUPID! WELL, I JUST GOT A TERRIFIC IDEA! THIS MILITARY EXPERT'S GONNA HELP US PULL JOBS... LIKE CRACKING THE DODGE HOUSE!
ARE YA CRAZY, CHOPPER? NOBODY CAN GET IN DE DODGE JOINT ALIVE! IT'S A REGULAR FORT!
SURE, BUT FORTS'VE BEEN CRACKED BY GUYS LIKE THIS HANNIBAL BONAPARTE BROWN! C'MON, WE'RE GONNA SEE HIM NOW! WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE REPORTERS, GET ME!

BACKSTAGE...

REAL REPORTERS? MY GOODNESS, ARE YOU SURE IT'S ME YOU WANT? I'VE NEVER BEEN INTERV.EWED IN MY LIFE!

YOU WORK WITH US, BROWNIE, AND YOU'LL BE NTERVIEWED PLENTY! WE'RE GONNA MAKE YOU FAMOUS AND PUT A LOAD OF DOUGH IN YOUR POCKET, SEE!

FAME AND FORTUNE--- TANTALIZING BAIT TO DANGLE BEFORE AN OBSCURE LITTLE DREAMER

WE'LL FIX YOU UP A REGULAR HQ, W.TH MAPS AND ALL THE OTHER STUFF YOU NEED... AND A SWELL SALARY... AND YOU GIVE US THE ANSWERS TO WHAT WE HAVE TO WRITE ABOUT! HOW DOES THAT SOUND TO YOU?

MY WORD! WONDERFUL!

LATER AT THE GANG'S H.DEOUT...

WELL WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT, BROWN.E?

IT'S--- IT'S THE ANSWER TO ALL MY PRAYERS! MY WHOLE LIFE SPENT STUDYING THE INTRICAC.ES OF MILITARY SC ENCE... AND NOW AT LAST I'M TO BE A RECOGNIZED AUTHORITY! I'M --- I'M--- DEAR ME, I'M ALL CHOKED UP!

HIS UNWITTING VICTIM SECURELY SNARED, THE WILY CRIME LEADER GETS DOWN TO BUSINESS...

NOW, US REPORTERS GOT A PROBLEM TO WR.TE ABOUT FOR TOMORROW! WE GOTTA FIGURE OUT HOW TO CAPTURE AN ENEMY FORT UP ON A MOUNTAIN TOP! OUR MOB--- UH--- SOLDIERS CAN'T JUST WALK UP AND TAKE IT BECAUSE THEY'D BE CUT DOWN BY MACHINE GUNS! SO HOW CAN IT BE DONE?

A FASCINATING PROBLEM, MR. GANT! FRONTAL ASSAULT WOULD BE INEFFECT.VE, AS YOU SUGGEST! I WOULD ADVISE THE MOST MODERN METHODS DEV.SED!

A "FASCINATING PROBLEM" IN PURE STRATEGY TO UNWORLDLY HANNIBAL BONAPARTE BROWN... BUT A SHREWD CRIM.NAL PLAN TO CHOPPER GANT! FOR THAT NIGHT...

BOY, YER A GENIUS, CHOPPER ..GETTING DAT EXPERT TO TELL US HOW TO CRACK DE DODGE JO.NT! OLD MAN DODGE T.NKS ITS BURGLAR PROOF! IS HE GONNA BE SURPRISED!

YEAH! AFTER WE LOOT THE PLACE, WE'LL MEET THE PLANE IN THE VALLEY AT THE BOTTOM OF THE MOUNTAIN!

PARACHUTES SUDDENLY BLOSSOM IN THE MURKY SKY, AND THEN FLOAT TOWARD THE MASSIVE STRONGHOLD OF THE MILLIONAIRE RECLUSE... A PARATROOP ATTACK!

TAKEN FROM THE REAR THE GUARDS ARE SWIFTLY MOWED DOWN...

HAW, HAW! WID BROWN.E TO FIGGER T'INGS OUT FER US, DIS CRIME BUSINESS IS GONNA BE A PIPE!

THE JOINT IS OURS! NOW LET'S LOOT IT!
RIGHT WIT YA, CHOPPER! SOON AS WE KNOCK OFF D'S GUY!
BUT AS THE KILLER HORDE RACES AWAY, A WOUNDED GUARD... LEFT FOR DEAD IN THE CRIMSON SHAMBLES... STRUGGLES TO A CALL-BOX AND...
PO-POLICE HEADQUARTERS? P-PARACHUTE CROOKS H-HAVE INVADED TH-THE DODGE HOME ON THE MOUNTAIN TOP! H-HURRY!
A BLINDING BEAM SLASHES THROUGH THE DARKNESS---A--NIGHTMARE SIGNAL TO THE WICKED--- CALLING THE BATMAN!
AND A WEIRD BAT SHAPE WHIZZES ON SILENCED, SUPER-SWIFT PROPELLERS TO THE FRAY---THE BAT-PLANE, DREAD SCOURGE OF THE SKIES!
THE DODGE HOME! GOSH BATMAN, THAT'S ONE PLACE I NEVER THOUGHT COULD BE ROBBED!
SO D-D OLD MR. DODGE! BUT PARACHUTE TROOPS HAVE OFTEN TAKEN SUCH PLACES... THOUGH TH-S IS THE FIRST T-ME I'VE HEARD OF PARACROOKS! GET READY--- WE'RE GOING TO LAND IN THE COURT YARD!
MEANWHILE, IN THE ANCIENT WEAPONS ROOM OF THE MOUNTAIN STRONGHOLD...
I WAS A FOOL NOT TO TRUST MY MONEY AND JEWELS TO A BANK! THAT'S WHERE I'LL KEEP THEM FROM NOW ON!
IF THERE'S ANYTHING LEFT WHEN WE GET THROUGH, DODGE! TAKE YOUR TIME BLOWING THAT VAULT, BOYS! NOBODY'S GONNA BOTHER US HERE!
BUT SUDDENLY---
NOBODY BUT THE TWO OF US, CHOPPER! BUT DON'T LET US STOP YOU--- IF YOU CAN!
HEY WE'RE OUTFLANKED OR WHATEVER DEY CALL IT!
SWIFTLY, THOUGH, THE BANDIT COMMANDER MARSHALS HIS SHAKEN FORCES!
RUSH 'EM! THEY CAN'T LICK ALL OF US AT ONCE!
OH-OH! CHOPPER AND HIS BOYS WANT TO PLAY FOR KEEPS!
WELL, WE'RE PRETTY GOOD AT HITTING THE "JACKPOT" OURSELVES!

HOW MANY LUMPS, PLEASE?
WOW! DESE CANNON BALLS IS HARD!
PLUNK
AN ANCIENT BLUNDERBUSS COMES IN HANDY...
YOU SURE BLUNDERED BY BUSTING INTO THIS PLACE!
HERE'S SOMETHIN' THAT'LL BUST YOU RIGHT IN HALF, BATMAN---A LOAD OF SLUGS!
YOU CAN'T PASS ANY SLUGS ON US, MUGG!
UGHHH
WITH A BLAZE OF SPEED, THE POWERHOUSE PAIR DELIVERS A FINAL SMASHING BLOW TO THE SHATTERED ENEMY MORALE.
THAT'S USING HIS HEAD... AS A BATTERING RAM!
FORGET THE LOOT! GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE WE'RE ALL PUT HORSE DEE COMBAT!
THE BANDIT BRIGADE FLEES IN PANIC... BUT FOOTSTEPS POUND IN SWIFT PURSUIT BEHIND THEM!
SAY, CAN'T WE GET RID OF DEM SOMEWAY, CHOPPER?
SURE! THE WAY BROWNIE TOLD US--- WE CUT THEIR LINE OF COMMUNICATIONS!
LIKE THIS, SEE!
BOOM
THEN... TOMMY-GUNS STUTTER IN SINISTER STACCATO AS THE MOBSTERS MAKE DOOM DOUBLY CERTAIN FOR THE TORNADO TEAM!
DERE! DAT'LL PUT 'EM AWAY FER GOOD!
WE HOPE! NOW LET'S GET DOWN TO THE PLANE IN THE VALLEY AND SCRAM AWAY FROM HERE!

BUT. LONG MINUTES LATER..
WHEW! THAT LONG SWIM UNDERWATER IS TOUGH ON THE LUNGS! BUT AT LEAST WE ESCAPED THOSE BULLETS!
YEAH! BUT HOW ARE WE GOING TO GET OUT OF THIS MOAT?
THIS OUGHT TO DO THE JOB!
NICE THROW!
SCRAMBLING SWIFTLY UP THE STEEL-STRONG SILKEN ROPE, THE CAPED COMRADES RACE TO THE BATPLANE PARKED IN THE COURTYARD...
I CAN'T FIGURE IT OUT, BATMAN! CHOPPER ALWAYS WAS A SMART GANG LEADER... BUT NOTHING LIKE NOW! YOU'D THINK HE WAS A GENERAL THE WAY HE PLANNED THIS CRIME!
RIGHT! ONLY CHOPPER ISN'T ANY MILITARY STRATEGIST---HE PROVED THAT ALL THROUGH HIS CRIMINAL CAREER! SO SOMEBODY ELSE MUST BE DOING HIS PLANNING FOR HIM! BUT WHO?
SUPER-CHARGED MOTORS WHISPER TO POWERFUL LIFE... AND THE SPEEDY BATPLANE STREAKS OFF ON THE TRAIL! BUT...
GUESS WE'D BETTER GIVE UP! THERE ISN'T A TRACE OF 'EM!
NOW I REMEMBER! THAT LECTURE HALL WE THOUGHT THE GANG WOULDN'T GO INTO! A MILITARY EXPERT WAS GIVING A TALK THERE! COME ON, WE'RE GOING TO DO SOME CHECKING ON HIM!
AT THAT MOMENT, MANY MILES AWAY...
WELL, WE'RE BACK AT DE HIDEOUT WIDOUT DE SWAG! BUT BATMAN AN' DAT BRAT'RE OUTA DA WAY FOR GOOD, HUH, CHOPPER?
I AIN'T SO SURE! THEY GOT MORE LIVES THAN A FAMILY OF CATS! BUT IF THEY'RE STILL ALIVE, WE'RE GONNA GET RID OF 'EM... AND BROWNIE'S GONNA FIGURE OUT HOW!
WHEN AM I GOING TO SEE THE ARTICLES YOU AND YOUR COLLEAGUES ARE WRITING ABOUT ME, MR. GANT? I CAN HARDLY WAIT!
LATER! RIGHT NOW WE GOT A BIG PROBLEM! LETS SAY WE GOTTA CAPTURE A COUPLA TOUGH ENEMY SPIES AND BUMP--- UH--- BRING 'EM TO JUSTICE! HOW COULD WE GO ABOUT IT?
UNSUSPECTING, THE MILITARY EXPERT'S BRILLIANT TACTICAL MIND CONCEIVES A DEADLY PLAN OF AMBUSH FOR THOSE CHAMPIONS OF JUSTICE--- THE BATMAN AND ROBIN!
HMMM! NOT PURELY A PROBLEM IN STRATEGY, BUT ONE THAT IS OFTEN IMPORTANT IN WARFARE! DECEIT IS ESSENTIAL... IF ONE OF OUR SOLDIERS WERE CAPTURED WITH FALSE INFORMATION ON HIM...
I GETCHA, BROWNIE!

SO IT IS THAT NEXT DAY...
HAND OVER YER WALLET!
A HOLD-UP IN BROAD DAYLIGHT! COME ON, PAT!
BUY WAR BONDS
ALL RIGHT YA GOT ME, COPPERS!
DIS IS DE NUTTEST TING I EVER DONE! BUT CHOPPER'S PAYIN' ME PLENTY, AN' HE SAYS HE'LL SPRING ME AFTER I GET PULLED IN!
COME ALONG, PUNK!
AT HEADQUARTERS, A SWIFT SEARCH REVEALS STARTLING INFORMATION...
JUST A SMALL-TIME THIEF!
YEAH? WELL, LISTEN TO THIS! "THE GANG WILL MEET AT EIGHT SHARP TONIGHT IN THE ABANDONED FARMHOUSE NEAR FOUR CORNERS TO GET INSTRUCTIONS ON PULLING OUR NEXT BIG JOB! SIGNED: CHOPPER GANT
CHOPPER GANT? SAY BATMAN'LL BE INTERESTED IN THAT NOTE!
AND AT NIGHTFALL...
I DON'T SEE ANY OF THE GANG AROUND BATMAN!
WE MUST BE A LITTLE EARLY I GUESS!
SUDDENLY...
NOPE CHUMPS! YOU'RE RIGHT ON TIME FOR YOUR FUNERALS!
UH-UH, WALKED RIGHT INTO A TRAP! THAT NOTE THEY HAD ON DIRK WAS A PHONEY TO LURE US OUT HERE!
LATER... AT A SECRET AIRFIELD...
I DON'T COMPREHEND! WHY DO MR. GANT AND HIS COLLEAGUES INTEND TO DISPOSE OF US, MR. BATMAN?
HE DOESN'T LIKE ROBIN AND ME! AND HE EVIDENTLY GOT YOU TO FIGURE OUT ENOUGH JOBS TO KEEP HIS GANG BUSY QUITE A WHILE! HE DOESN'T NEED YOU ANYMORE!
THEN YOU AREN'T REPORTERS! YOU'RE--- YOU'RE CRIMINALS!
RIGHT, STUPID! YOU PLANNED OUR CRIMES FOR US, EVEN TOLD US HOW TO CAPTURE BATMAN AND THAT BRAT! NOW MAYBE YOU CAN TELL 'EM HOW TO GET OUT OF THIS PICKLE!

OKAY CHOPPER! DE BOMB IS TIED UNDER DE NOSE OF DE GLIDER! DEY WON'T SHAKE IT OFF EVEN WIT STUNTIN'!
HOWS THIS FOR A MILITARY PROBLEM, BROWNIE? EVEN IF YOU UNTIE YOURSELVES UP THERE YOU'LL BE BLOWN APART IF YOU TRY TO LAND! HAW, HAW! LETS SEE YOU FIGURE YOUR WAY OUT OF THAT ONE!
THEN, MOTOR ROARING, THE GANGSTERS' PLANE ZOOMS INTO THE SKY, DRAWING THE DEATH GLIDER WITH ITS HELPLESS CARGO! AND MINUTES LATER...
DE TOW ROPE'S CUT! CLEAR OUTA HERE BEFORE DEY BLOW US UP WID DEM!
WHAT A MESS WE'RE IN! WE CAN'T STAY UP HERE, BECAUSE GLIDERS HAVE TO COME DOWN SOME TIME! AND IF WE LAND, THAT BOMB WILL GO OFF!
DEAR ME! THIS IS A PROBLEM! I'M AFRAID I MUST CONCEDE DEFEAT!
BUT NOT THE BATTLING BATMAN! EYES ROVING RESTLESSLY, HE SEARCHES FOR A WAY TO CHEAT DEATH..
WE'RE NOT LICKED YET! THAT'S A COMPASS IN YOUR POCKET, ISN'T IT? ROLL OVER HERE--- BUT IMMEDIATELY!
MY GOODNESS, IT IS MY COMPASS! I MUST HAVE ABSENT-MINDEDLY SLIPPED IT INTO MY POCKET WHEN I WAS TAKEN FOR A DRIVE! I--I HOPE THAT ISN'T STEALING!
AFTER TENSE MINUTES OF STRUGGLING AND STRAINING...
VERY CLEVER, PICKING THE KNOTS WITH THE POINTS OF THE COMPASS! I'D NEVER HAVE THOUGHT OF IT!
JUST A TRICK OF THE TRADE! BUT WE'RE NOT EXACTLY SITTING PRETTY YET! I'VE GOT TO GO OVER THE SIDE AND CUT THAT BOMB LOOSE... OTHERWISE, WE WON'T BE ABLE TO LAND! AND AS ROBIN SAYS GLIDERS HAVE TO COME DOWN SOME TIME!
THE THREE ARE TYING THEIR ROPES TOGETHER...
IF I MAY MAKE A SUGGESTION, MR. BATMAN! I'VE MADE A QUITE EXTENSIVE SURVEY OF AERONAUTICS... YOUR JUNIOR COLLEAGUE WOULD BE BETTER SUITED FOR THE PURPOSE! YOUR WEIGHT, ADDED TO THE BOMB'S, WOULD TIP THE SHIP BADLY!
HE'S RIGHT! I'D BETTER DO THE JOB!
NIMBLY, THE BOY WONDER CLAMBERS OVER THE FRAIL GLIDER'S SIDE... A SLIM ROPE BETWEEN HIM AND CRASHING DOOM ON THE GROUND FAR BELOW!
CAREFUL, ROBIN!
GOLLY, I HOPE I DON'T SUDDENLY HAVE TO SNEEZE!
8

BUT TROUBLE LOOMS LARGE FOR THE TRAPPED TRIO! FOR . . .
WE'RE LOSING ALTITUDE! EVEN ROBIN'S WEIGHT WAS ENOUGH TO BRING DOWN THE BOW! GRAB THE WHEEL . . . I'LL TRY TO BALANCE THE SHIP AT THE OTHER END!
GOODNESS ME! I HOPE I CAN DO IT! YOU SEE, I'VE NEVER EVEN GONE UP IN A GLIDER OR PLANE, LET ALONE FLY ONE!
MOMENTS LATER . . .
THERE! THE TAIL IS GOING DOWN A LITTLE!
IT'S FORTUNATE I REMEMBER ALL I READ ON THE SUBJECT. LET ME SEE . . . THE FIRST PRINCIPLE IS TO EMPLOY THE THERMAL CURRENTS, OR RISING COLUMNS OF AIR---
CLINGING, PERILOUSLY TO THE SWAYING CRAFT, ROBIN FINALLY LOOSENS THE BOMB'S LASHINGS AND . . .
WHEW! THAT JOB IS DONE! AND JUST IN TIME, TOO!
THEN . . .
THANK HEAVEN THAT'S OVER! BUT I'M WORRIED ABOUT WHAT THE GANG IS GOING TO DO! THEY HAD ME OUTLINE A PLAN TO CAPTURE AN ENEMY TANK PLANT---BUT I'M SURE IT'S AN AMERICAN ONE THEY INTEND TO ATTACK! WHAT SHALL WE DO?
GET TO THE TANK FACTORY OUTSIDE GOTHAM CITY AS FAST AS WE CAN! THIS GLIDER'S THE ONLY TRANSPORTATION HANDY! SO YOU'LL HAVE TO FLY US THERE . . .
MEANWHILE, AT A FASHIONABLE HOTEL IN GOTHAM CITY . . .
THEES EES AN OUTRAGE! WE ARE V.S.TING DEEPLOMATS FROM AN ALLIED COUNTREE! WE SHALL PROTEST TO THE PRESIDENTE HIMSELF!
WE KNOW WHO YOU ARE--- THAT'S WHY WE'RE HERE! HAND OVER YOUR CREDENTIALS AND FANCY DUDS!
BONAS NOTCHES, SEENOR! WE ARE VISITING DEEPLOMATS FROM AN ALLIED COUNTREE! HOW'S DAT SOUND, CHOPPER?
ELEGANT! THEY'LL NEVER SUSPECT YOU— AS LONG AS YOU KEEP YER TRAP SHUT! NOW HURRY UP! WE AIN'T GOT MUCH TME!
SPEEDING THROUGH CROWDED STREETS, THE DISGUISED GANGSTERS SOON REACH THE GIANT WAR FACTORY ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN . . .
WE HAVE BEEN COMMEESSIONED BY OUR COUNTREE TO EENSPECT THEES SO-GREAT TANK PLANT, WHEECH EES MAKEENG TANKS FOR OUR COUNTREE! EET EES --- HOW DO YOU SAY? --- OKAY WEETH YOU?
CERTAINLY, SENOR! YOUR CREDENTIALS ARE IN ORDER! PLEASE FOLLOW ME AND I'LL SHOW YOU AROUND PERSONALLY!
MERCURIES TANK FACTORY
9

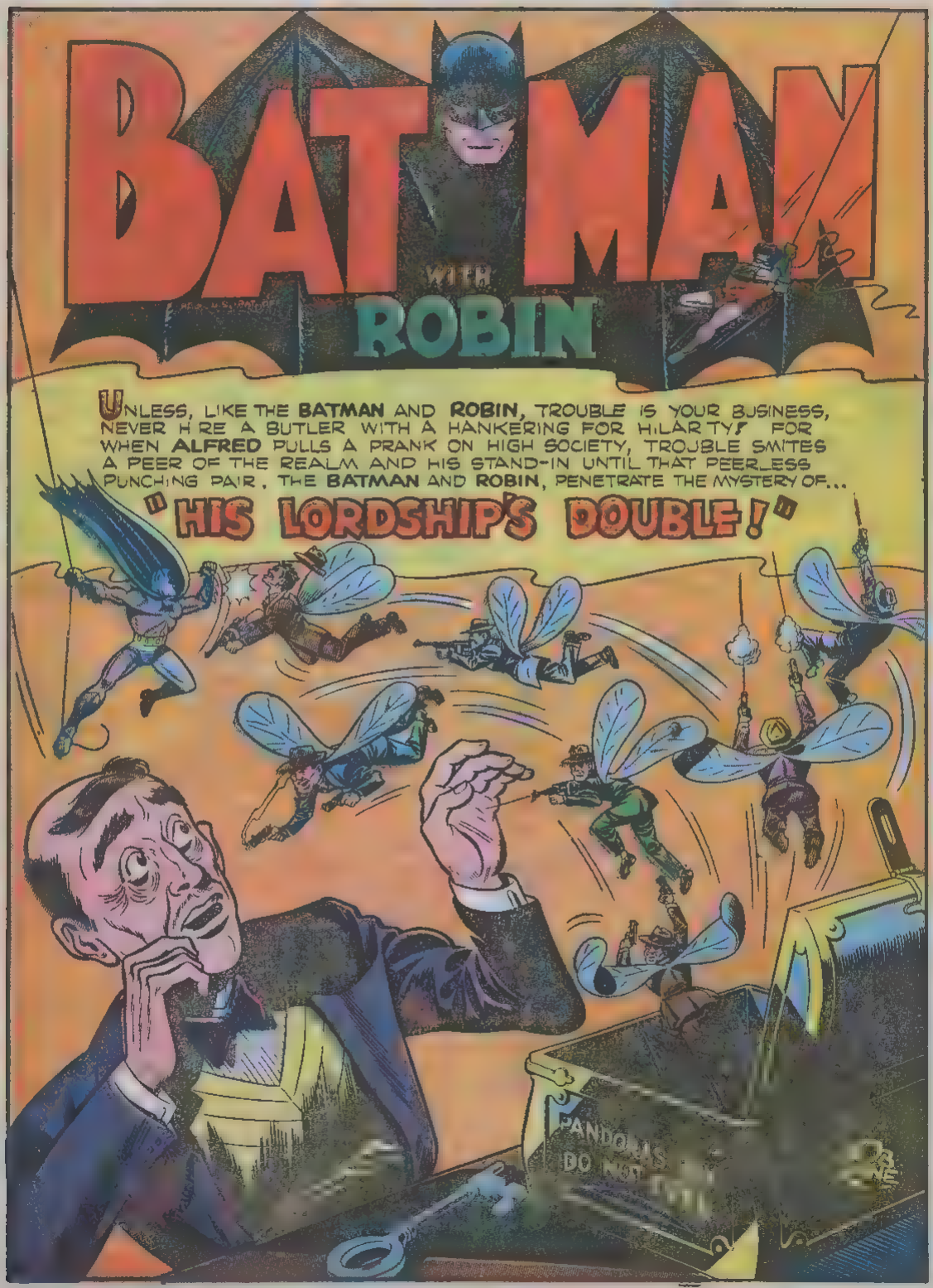
WE TIMED IT RIGHT TO DE SECOND CHOPPER! DERE'S DE ARMORED CARS WIT DE PAYROLL NOW!
LET'S GO, BOYS!
ABRUPTLY, THE BUCCANEER BATTALION'S PLAN IS REVEALED IN ALL ITS CRIMINAL INGENUITY...
WHAT ARE YOU DOING? GET OUT OF THOSE TANKS... AAAHE
WE'RE GRABBING YOUR PAYROLL THAT'S WHAT! AND IF YOU THINK YOU CAN GET US OUT OF THESE TANKS, TRY IT!
HUGE TREADS CLANK AND CLASH AS THE METAL BEHEMOTHS THUNDER DOWN ON THE ARMORED CARS, PUNY IN COMPARISON!
RUN 'EM DOWN! FLATTEN 'EM LIKE PANCAKES!
U-U-G-G-H...
PAY MASTER
WE GOT DE PAYROLL, CHOPPER! EVERY CENT OF IT!
SWELL! NOW SCRAM FOR THE EXIT GATE! THE GETAWAY CARS ARE PARKED OUT THERE AND THE BOYS ARE READY IN CASE OF TROUBLE!
DERE WON'T BE NONE! NOT WIT DESE TANKS!
BUT AT THAT INSTANT...
THERE THEY ARE, CARRYING OUT THE STRATEGY I OUTLINED TO THEM! OH, DEAR, I COULD PUMMEL MYSELF IN RAGE AT BEING VICTIMIZED SO HANDILY!
NOT YOUR FAULT, BROWN! AND WE'LL STOP THEM! GET READY TO JUMP!
THEN... THREE FIGURES PLUMMET TO THE CUSHIONING SAND OF THE PROVING GROUNDS, WHERE TANKS ARE TESTED FOR DESERT COMBAT...
OOF! AM I GLAD THIS ISN'T CONCRETE! NOW HOW DO WE BATTLE THOSE B.G TANKS?
YOU'LL SEE IN A SECOND!
...WHILE THE GLIDER SAILS ON TO CRASH INTO HIGH-TENSION CABLES, TOPPLING THEM ONTO THE RUMBLING METAL MONSTERS!
SPLENDID STRATEGY! THOSE KNAVES CAN'T STAY IN THEIR TANKS WHILE ELECTRICITY IS SHOOTING THROUGH THEM!
KRACK
HALP
OH

YOU TWO GENTLEMEN ATTEND TO THESE DESPERADOES! I BELIEVE A PLAN OF TACTICS I'VE WORKED OUT WILL ENABLE ME TO TAKE CARE OF THEIR ASSOCIATES OUTSIDE BY MYSELF!
GO TO IT! GOOD HUNTING!
AND AS THE POWER-HOUSE PAIR RACES OFF AFTER THE ROUTED MILITARY MARAUDERS...
HEAVENS, I'M SO NERVOUS! I'VE NEVER BEEN THIS CLOSE TO A TANK BEFORE! I HOPE MY EXCITEMENT DOESN'T MAKE ME FORGET ALL I READ ABOUT OPERATING ONE...
OUTSIDE THE TANK FACTORY...
HEY! HERE COME SOME OF DE FELLERS!
GET A LOAD OF DAT ROTTEN DRIVIN'! DEY MUSTA BEEN WOUNDED, OR MAYBE DEY'RE DRUNK!
BUT, SUDDENLY, THE LURCHING JUGGERNAUT HALTS AND...
NO, YOU TREACHEROUS THIEVES! THIS IS HANNIBAL BONAPARTE BROWN! GET OUT OF THOSE CARS OR I'LL---I'LL D-DRIVE RIGHT OVER THEM!
YEAH! YEAH, SURE, BROWNIE! WE'RE GETTIN' RIGHT OUT!
EXIT
MARCH RIGHT INTO THE FACTORY AND DON'T ATTEMPT ANYTHING RASH! THIS GUN IS LOADED! (GOODNESS ME! I HOPE I DON'T HAVE TO USE IT! I COULDN'T SHOOT ANYTHING, NOT EVEN THESE CALLOUS CRIMINALS!)
MEANWHILE, THE REST OF THE RASCAL REGIMENT IS FIGHTING A DOWNHILL BATTLE...
YOU SHOULD HAVE KEPT YOUR MILITARY EXPERT, CHOPPER! HE MIGHT'VE FIGURED A WAY OUT OF THIS LITTLE DIFFICULTY YOU'RE IN!
KEEP RUNNING, YOU FOOLS! DON'T LET THEM CAPTURE US!
BALL BEARINGS
THROUGH THE HUGE FACTORY RACE THE SQUADRON OF SCOUNDRELS... A TWO-MAN OFFENSIVE AT THEIR HEELS! IN THE ENGINE ASSEMBLY DEPARTMENT...
THIS IS WHAT I CALL FIGHTING IN SOLID COMFORT!
FOR YOU! I SHOULDA STAYED IN BED!

AT THE BODY PRODUCTION LINE, ROBIN PRODUCES SOME HOT BODY BLOWS . . .
GO JUMP IN THE RIVET!
OWWW
WHERE TURRETS ARE MOUNTED, BATMAN SURMOUNTS A SUDDEN DANGER!
HERE'S WHERE YOU GET YOURS, BATMAN!
UGH!
A REVOLVING TURRET'S ONE WAY TO PUT A REVOLVER OUT OF ACTION!
THE TREAD DEPARTMENT...
WE'RE GETTING TO THE BOTTOM OF THINGS NOW, RATS!
YOWW
HOW'S THIS FOR A SECRET WEAPON ?
IT'S CERTAINLY GIVING THEM A SHELLACKING!
PAINT DEPT.
LATER, WHEN THE MARTIAL MARAUDERS HAVE BEEN MARCHED OFF TO PRISON...
MY WORD! I'VE BEEN A MILITARY EXPERT FOR YEARS! AND I'VE FINALLY ENGAGED IN ACTUAL COMBAT! I CAN SCARCELY BELIEVE IT!
AND A GOOD JOB YOU MADE OF IT, TOO! EH, ROBIN?
THE BEST!
AND BEHIND GRAY STONE RAMPARTS...
HERE Y'ARE, GENERAL! WE GOT ORDERS FOR YOU TO MOP UP THE PRISON MESS HALL!
NO STRATEGY CAN GET YOU OUT OF THAT, CHOPPER! OR THE HOT SEAT YOU'RE GOING TO GET SOON!
THE END.

BROTHER
C'MON, BROTHER!!
LET'S GO FOR A RIDE DOWN "DEAD-MAN'S HILL!"
READY?
LET'S GO!
WHEW!
THAT WAS CLOSE!
OWA-A-A-A-H-H-H-H-H-H···

LOW BRIDGE!
HOLD EVERYTHING!!
DANGER
ONE INCH MORE AND WE'D HAVE BEEN WET PIGEONS!!
WHAT A RIDE! WHAT A RIDE!!
PUT IT THERE, BROTHER! I NEVER THOUGHT YOU COULD STEER SO WELL!!
SAY! I THOUGHT YOU WERE STEERING!!


BATMAN
WITH
ROBIN
UNLESS, LIKE THE BATMAN AND ROBIN, TROUBLE IS YOUR BUSINESS, NEVER HIRE A BUTLER WITH A HANKERING FOR HILARITY! FOR WHEN ALFRED PULLS A PRANK ON HIGH SOCIETY, TROUBLE SMITES A PEER OF THE REALM AND HIS STAND-IN UNTIL THAT PEERLESS PUNCHING PAIR, THE BATMAN AND ROBIN, PENETRATE THE MYSTERY OF...
"HIS LORDSHIP'S DOUBLE!"
PANDORA'S
DO NOT

THE MAILS BRING AN EMBOSSED INVITATION TO SOCIALITE **BRUCE WAYNE**— A SIMPLE WHITE CARD— BUT WHAT A TANGLED TRAIL IS DESTINED TO FOLLOW IN ITS WAKE!

Mr. and Mrs. C.L.J. Carruthers request the pleasure of your company at a Charity Bazaar for the U.S.O., at which his lordship, David Hurley Burleigh, recently arrived from the United Kingdom will be guest of honor

I SUPPOSE I SHOULD GO, SINCE IT'S A USO BENEFIT AFFAIR. BUT WHO AND WHAT IS LORD DAVID HURLEY BURLEIGH?

PROBABLY SOME ULTRA-SMART SOCIAL L ON WITH A MONOCLE!

OH, NO, SIR— IF I MAY BE PERMITTED TO INTRUDE A WORD...

WHILE LACKING AN ACQUAINTANCE WITH HIS LORDSHIP MYSELF, MY SECOND COUSIN, THEOBALD, HAVING BEEN EMPLOYED AS GARDENER AT HIS LORDSHIP'S MANOR NEAR LONDON, OFTEN SPOKE OF HIM AS A MAN OF SCIENCE!

I BELIEVE BOTANY WAS HIS CHIEF PASSION, SIR! HE MIGHT EVEN BE CALLED A BIT OF A RECLUSE, MR. WAYNE! BUT I SUPPOSE YOU'LL BE MEETING HIM AT THE BAZAAR TOMORROW NIGHT, AND I WAS WONDERING...

YOU'D LIKE TO HAVE THE EVENING OFF? BY ALL MEANS, ALFRED!

I CAN'T GET OVER ALFRED'S NEW STREAM-LINED FORM AND THAT MISPLACED EYEBROW ON HIS UPPER LIP! *

IT'S GETTING RATHER LATE, DICK! IF YOU'RE COMING TO THE BAZAAR WITH ME TOMORROW EVENING, YOU'LL NEED LOTS OF REST TONIGHT!

* ED. NOTE: ARE **YOU** SURPRISED AT THE NEW ALFRED? READ **JANUARY DETECTIVE COMICS**, TO LEARN ABOUT HIS AMAZING TRANSFORMATION!

SO—THE NEXT EVENING, OUR FRIENDS PRESENT THEMSELVES AT THE PALATIAL HOME OF THE C.L.J. CARRUTHERS...

MR. BRUCE WAYNE AND MAWSTER RICHARD GRAYSON!

GOOD EVENING, MRS. CARRUTHERS! IT'S NICE TO SEE YOU AGAIN!

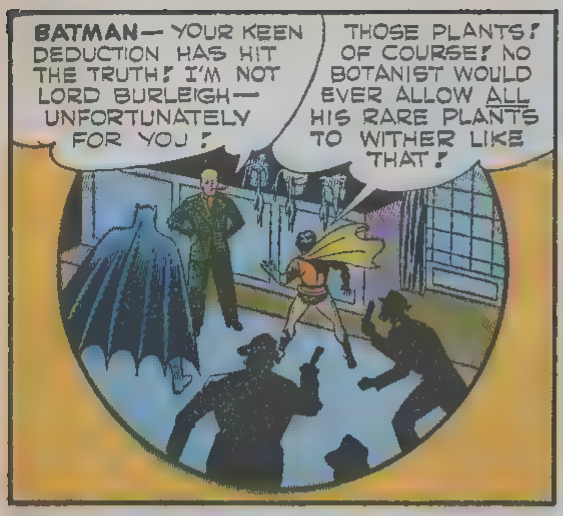
BRUCE—I'M SO GLAD YOU CAME! BUT COME—YOU MUST MEET OUR GUEST OF HONOR, LORD BURLEIGH!

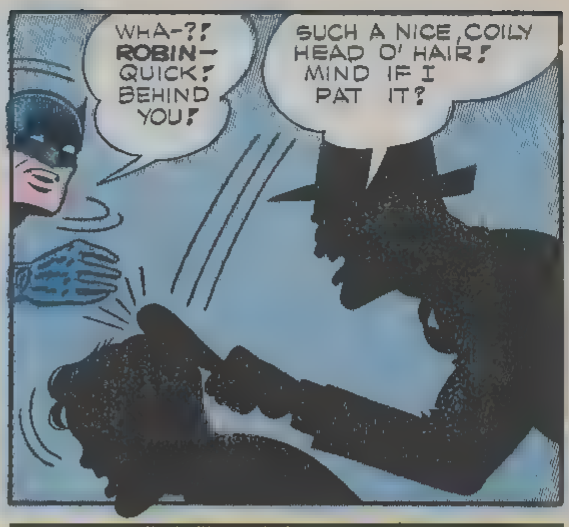
OH— YOUR LORDSHIP— MAY I INTERRUPT YOU FOR A MOMENT?
—AND THERE WAS THE BALLY OLD FOX, RIGHT UNDER OUR VERY NOSES, YOU KNOW! AND A DEUCED LAUGH IT WAS ON ALL OF US... ER— PARDON ME...
NOW, READER— GET A GOOD FIRM GRIP ON YOURSELF AS YOU LOOK AT THE FACE OF THE MAN WHO CALLS HIMSELF LORD BURLEIGH— THE MAN BETTER KNOWN TO US AS— ALFRED!
YOUR LORDSH P— I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET MR. BRUCE WAYNE AND MASTER DICK GRAYSON...
CHAWMED! DELIGHTED, REALLY!
HUH! ER-AH -AL--I MEAN HOW DO YOU DO, LORD BURLEIGH!
WITH IMPERTURBABLE APLOMB, ALFRED ACCORDS NOT AN IOTA OF RECOGNITION TO HIS STARTLED EMPLOYERS...
ALFRED—! WHAT IN THE NAME OF ALL THAT'S WEIRD IS THIS ABOUT?
I BEG YOUR PARDON, MR. WAYNE! THE NAME IS BURLEIGH! LORD DAVID HURLEY BURLEIGH, EARL OF LANDBURY AND DARBY, NOT TO MENTION KNIGHT OF THE GARTER, THE BATH, AND PEER OF THE REALM!
WELL, KNOCK ME DIZZY WITH A DOILY! THE NERVE OF HIM!
NERVE DOESN'T EVEN BEGIN TO DESCRIBE IT! THERE'S SOMETHING IN THE WIND, DICK! WE'LL HAVE TO KEEP A CAREFUL EYE ON OUR TITLED BUTLER!
LATER THAT EVENING...
LOOK— HE'S SAYING GOOD-NIGHT TO OUR HOSTESS! HE'S LEAV NG!
SO HE IS! AND WE'RE LEAVING RIGHT AFTER HIM! PERHAPS THE BATMAN AND ROBIN CAN GET TO THE BOTTOM OF ALFRED'S MYSTERIOUS MASQUERADE!
A RAPID CHANGE IN THE SHADOWS OUTSIDE THE HOUSE — AND THE BATMAN AND ROBIN TAKE UP THE TANTALIZING TRAIL OF THEIR BUTLER...
THERE HE GOES BUT HE'S GOING TO HAVE COMPANY!
WHATEVER HE'S UP TO, I'VE A FEELING THAT IT'S GOING TO LEAD TO PLENTY OF TROUBLE! OR I DON'T KNOW ALFRED!
TUM DE DUM TUM— A LOWLY BUTLER SHOULD NEVER BE GLUM, FOR A PEER OF THE REALM HE MAY SOME DAY BECOME!
LISTEN TO THE BIG LUG! HE'S HAVING THE TIME OF HIS LIFE!
IF HE COULD ONLY HEAR HIS OWN VOICE! IT SOUNDS LIKE A CAT IN A DUFFLE BAG!

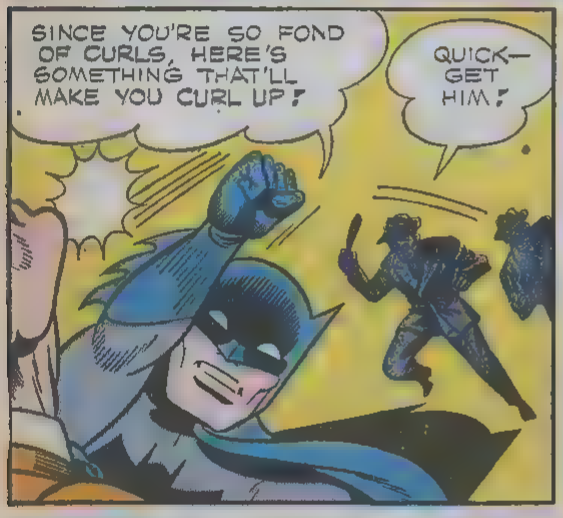
I SAY— CAN'T YOU WATCH WHERE YOU'RE GOING!
LOOK— THEY SWUNG OUT DELIBERATELY! SOMETHING'S UP, ROBIN!
I KNEW IT! I KNEW IT! IT'S THAT TROUBLE I'VE BEEN EXPECTING!
ALL RIGHT, WISE GUY— CLIMB OUTA THERE AN' REACH FER THE STARS!
HOOLIGANS! BLACKGUARDS! DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM?
WE KNOW A LOT MORE THAN YOU THINK! NOW TALK— BUT FAST!
GET SET, ROBIN!
TAKE A BACK SEAT, MUGG! WE'RE TAKING OVER!
THE BATMAN AND ROBIN, BY JOVE!
LOOKS AS IF YOU'VE BEEN CAUGHT NAPPING!
HAW! QUITE A PUN, MAWSTER ROBIN, IF I MAY SAY SO! AND QUITE A NAP THE BRUTE IS TAKING, TOO!
ZZZZZZZZ
THIS IS JUST TO STEER YOU RIGHT!
4

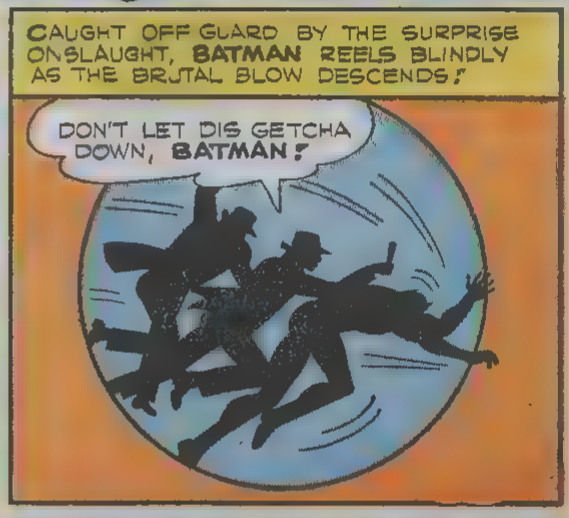
MIGHTY MUSCLES SOON SUBDUE THE MISGUIDED MUGGS...
AND NOW THAT WE'VE TAKEN CARE OF THEM, HOW ABOUT DOING A LITTLE EXPLAINING, ALFRED? OR- SHOULD I ADDRESS YOU AS "YOUR LORDSHIP?"
REALLY, SIR- THIS ATTACK PUZZLES ME! AS FOR THE TITLE, IT CAME ABOUT THIS WAY...
AS I REMARKED YESTERDAY AFTERNOON, MY COUSIN THEOBALD HAPPENS TO BE LORD BURLEIGH'S GARDENER! THINKING TO GET WORD TO HIM, I CALLED AT HIS LORDSHIP'S THIS EVENING! AT FIRST, I WAS REFUSED ADMITTANCE, BUT—
"—UPON HEARING MY DISTINCTLY BRITISH ACCENT, I WAS ADMITTED BY LORD BURLEIGH HIMSELF—"
HATE REPORTERS PRYING ABOUT, Y'KNOW! BUT YOUR ACCENT MADE ME REALIZE YOU'RE FROM THE AGENCY...
BUT YOUR LORDSHIP, I—
GUESS YOU'LL DO, ALL RIGHT! NOW- HERE'S WHAT'S EXPECTED! I CAN'T ABIDE SOCIAL FUNCTIONS! YOU'RE TO BE ME AT THE CARRUTHER'S BAZAAR! THEY KNOW MY FATHER WELL, BUT THEY'VE NEVER MET ME—
BUT—
CAN'T GRACEFULLY BEG OUT, BUT SINCE THEY WON'T KNOW THE DIFFERENCE AND I'M STAYING IN THE STATES ONLY A FEW DAYS, I'VE DECIDED TO SEND A SUBSTITUTE! SO TONIGHT, YOU'LL PLAY LORD BURLEIGH! RETURN HERE AT MIDNIGHT FOR YOUR PAY!
I REALIZED, OF COURSE, THAT HIS LORDSHIP HAD MISTAKEN ME FOR AN ENGLISH ACTOR SENT BY AN AGENCY, BUT A SPIRIT OF PRANKISHNESS IMPELLED ME TO GO THROUGH WITH IT, SIR! A JOLLY IDEA, MY BEING A PEER FOR A NIGHT, DON'T YOU THINK?
IT CERTAINLY SOUNDS IN CHARACTER
YOU SEE, SIR- LORD BURLEIGH ALWAYS WAS KNOWN AS ECCENTRIC! NEVER EVEN ALLOWED HIMSELF TO BE PHOTOGRAPHED!
BUT THIS ATTACK! IT MUST HAVE BEEN MEANT FOR LORD BURLEIGH! SUPPOSE WE FIND OUT FROM—
YOU'LL NEVER GET A WORD OUT OF US, BATMAN!
5

MINUTES LATER—
NO USE—THEY WON'T TALK! BUT IF LORD BURLEIGH'S IN DANGER, WE'D BETTER WARN HIM! YOU STAY HERE, ALFRED, AND KEEP AN EYE ON THESE FELLOWS TILL THE POLICE ARRIVE!
RIGHTO!
SHORTLY AFTERWARDS—
HERE'S LORD BURLEIGH'S PLACE! I HOPE HE CAN TELL US WHO THOSE MEN WERE AND WHAT'S BEHIND THAT ATTACK!
IF HE'S AS ECCENTRIC AS THEY SAY, HE'S LIABLE TO REFUSE TO SEE US!
GO AWAY, I SAY! I DON'T WISH TO SEE ANYONE!
BUT, LORD BURLEIGH— YOU'RE IN GREAT DANGER! THE MAN YOU HIRED AS YOUR STAND-IN HAS JUST BEEN ATTACKED! YOU'VE GOT TO OPEN UP!
WHAT DID I TELL YOU?
EH? ATTACKED! MY STAND-IN? SO—YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT! BATMAN— I MUST BEG OF YOU, NOT A SOUL MUST HEAR! MY SOCIAL PRESTIGE WILL BE RUINED! AND NOW— WHAT'S THIS ABOUT DANGER?
THAT'S WHAT I'D LIKE TO ASK YOU! KNOW ANYONE WHO'D BE OUT TO GET YOU?
OUT TO GET ME? NONSENSE— NONSENSE! I'M SURE IT WAS ALL A TERRIBLE MISTAKE! NO NEED TO CONCERN YOURSELF ABOUT ME, BATMAN! BUT BEFORE YOU LEAVE, LET ME BEG OF YOU AGAIN— NOT A WORD OF MY STAND-IN, PLEASE!
ER— YOU CAN RELY ON US! GUESS WE MAY AS WELL GO, ROBIN!
BY THE WAY— I NOTICE YOU'RE HAVING TROUBLE WITH YOUR PLANTS...
TROUBLE WITH WHAT? MY PLANTS! OH—ER—YES...
NOW WHAT'S HE GETTING AT?
RATHER STRANGE, ISN'T IT, THAT ALL YOUR PLANTS SHOULD BE WILTED, YOUR LORDSHIP, CONSIDERING THAT YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE A BOTANIST? UNLESS— UNLESS—YOU'RE NOT LORD BURLEIGH AT ALL!
WELL!
6

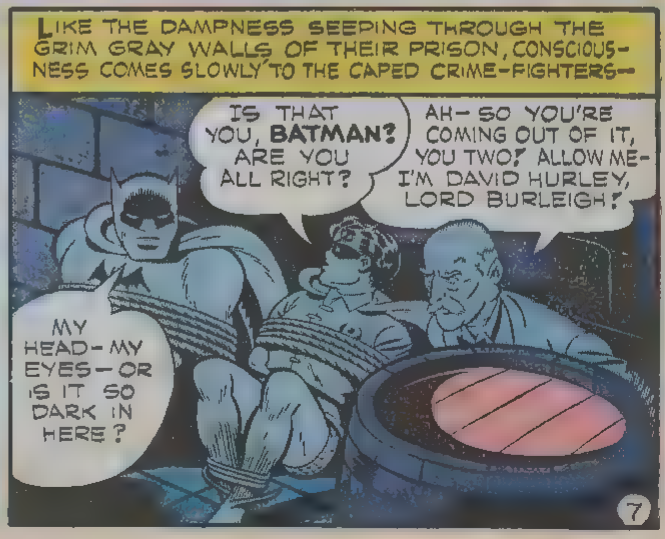

BATMAN— YOUR KEEN DEDUCTION HAS HIT THE TRUTH! I'M NOT LORD BURLEIGH— UNFORTUNATELY FOR YOU!
THOSE PLANTS! OF COURSE! NO BOTANIST WOULD EVER ALLOW ALL HIS RARE PLANTS TO WITHER LIKE THAT!


WHA-?! ROBIN— QUICK! BEHIND YOU!
SUCH A NICE, COILY HEAD O' HAIR! MIND IF I PAT IT?


SINCE YOU'RE SO FOND OF CURLS, HERE'S SOMETHING THAT'LL MAKE YOU CURL UP!
QUICK— GET HIM!

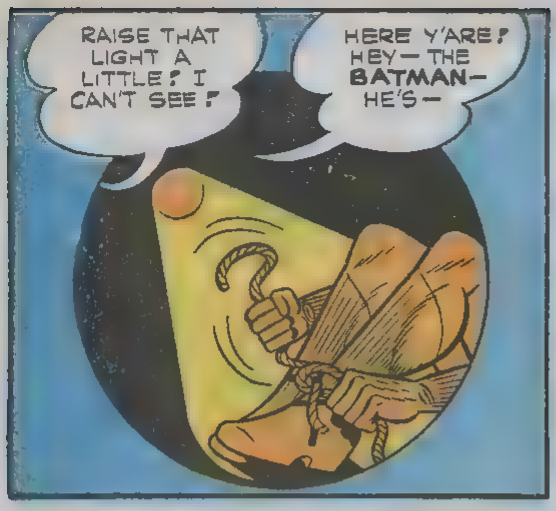

CAUGHT OFF GUARD BY THE SURPRISE ONSLAUGHT, BATMAN REELS BLINDLY AS THE BRUTAL BLOW DESCENDS!
DON'T LET DIS GETCHA DOWN, BATMAN!

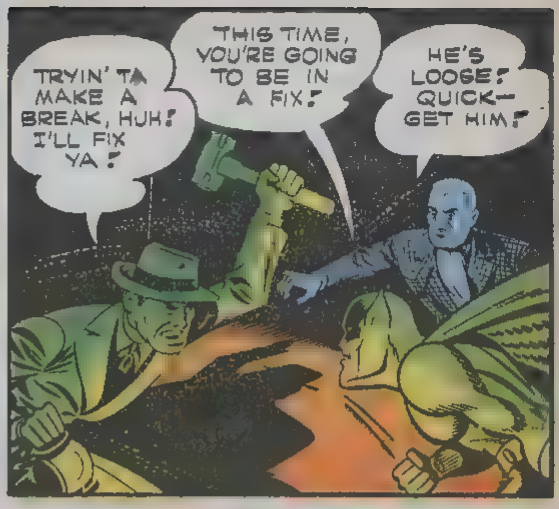
THAT CAME RATHER CLOSE TO CRIMPING OUR PLANS! SHREWD DEDUCTION ABOUT THE PLANTS! TAKE THEM DOWN TO THE CELLAR! LORD BURLEIGH WILL ENJOY THE COMPANY!
LIKE A DOLL HE'S SLEEPIN'! DAT WUZ SOME RAP ON DA CONK!

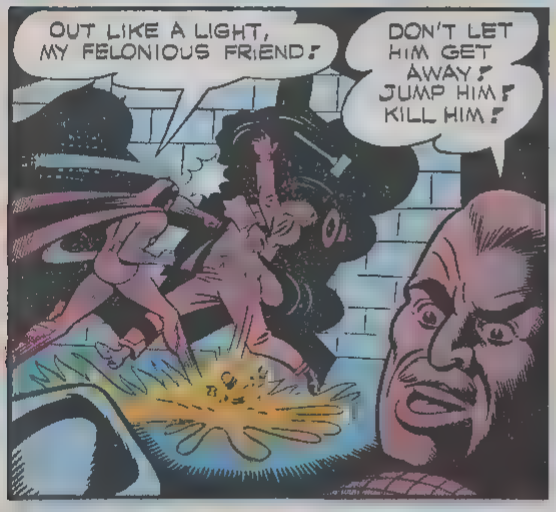

LIKE THE DAMPNESS SEEPING THROUGH THE GRIM GRAY WALLS OF THEIR PRISON, CONSCIOUSNESS COMES SLOWLY TO THE CAPED CRIME-FIGHTERS—
IS THAT YOU, BATMAN? ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
AH— SO YOU'RE COMING OUT OF IT, YOU TWO! ALLOW ME— I'M DAVID HURLEY, LORD BURLEIGH!
MY HEAD— MY EYES— OR IS IT SO DARK IN HERE?

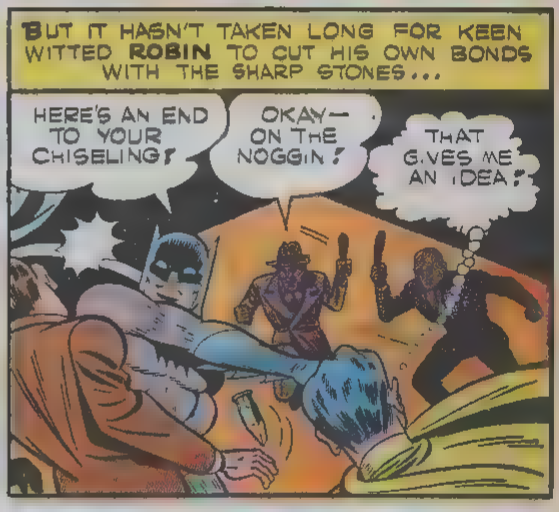
SO—YOU'RE THE REAL LORD BURLEIGH! BUT WHY ARE YOU HERE? WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT?
IT'S ABOUT MY FINDING A CHEAPER PROCESS FOR OBTAINING RUBBER FROM PETROLEUM, BATMAN! I CAME HERE HOPING TO MAKE A DEAL WITH AN AMERICAN OIL COMPANY—
IN RETURN FOR MY PROCESS, THE COMPANY MUST CONTRACT TO DELIVER PART OF ITS RUBBER TO BRITAIN! ONLY MY MAN STEVENS KNEW MY MISSION HERE, AND ONLY HE KNEW MY PROCESS WAS WORTH MILLIONS—AND HE'S A SCOUNDREL!
YOU MEAN, HE HIRED THUGS AND IMPRISONED YOU HERE TO GET THE PROCESS?
YES—AND SINCE I'M VIRTUALLY UNKNOWN BY SIGHT, HE'S BEEN ABLE TO IMPERSONATE ME WITH EASE, SO I'M NOT EVEN MISSED! BUT I WON'T GIVE UP THE PROCESS WHICH IS SAFELY HIDDEN HERE IN THE HOUSE!
AND HE'S TRYING TO SWEAT THE PLANS OUT OF YOU SO HE CAN PATENT THEM HIMSELF, EH?
RIGHT! BUT HE CAN KILL ME BEFORE I'LL TALK!
WHICH MEANS THAT WE'LL PROBABLY ALL ROT DOWN HERE!
HM— BUT WHY DID STEVENS HIRE SOMEONE TO APPEAR AT THE CARRUTHER'S BAZAAR?
OH, THAT! I BELIEVE HE'S KNOWN TO MRS. CARRUTHER'S ENGLISH BUTLER! HE COULDN'T RISK DISCOVERY HIMSELF! BESIDES, I'D ALREADY ACCEPTED THE INVITATION!
AND YOU HAD TO APPEAR, EH? BUT WHY THE ATTACK ON ALFRED?
OBVIOUSLY THE REAL ACTOR SHOWED UP FROM THE AGENCY, AND STEVENS GOT SCARED! SO HE GOT HIS MUGGS TO TRY TO FIND WHAT ALFRED'S GAME WAS! BUT WAIT—I HEAR FOOTSTEPS! AND I THINK I HAVE AN IDEA!
SO—YOU HID THE PLANS DOWN HERE BEHIND THIS VERY STONE OVER MY HEAD, EH? A MIGHTY CLEVER HIDING PLACE, TOO!
WHAT?! WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?
8

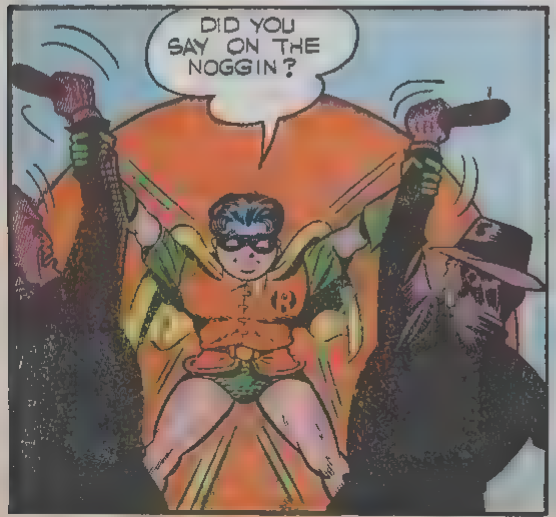
A SUDDEN BEAM OF LIGHT LANCES THROUGH THE GLOOM AS APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS BECOME MORE AUDIBLE...
SO THE PLANS ARE HIDDEN BEHIND THAT STONE, EH? WELL, BATMAN, YOU DID ME QUITE A SERVICE! QUITE A SERVICE, INDEED!
YOU! YOU OVERHEARD ME?
AND OF COURSE, YOUR LORDSHIP, YOU MANAGED IT WITH YOUR USUAL SKILL AND INGENUITY! NOT A SIGN OF FRESH MORTAR! HOWEVER, ALL I NEED IS A HAMMER AND CHISEL! I'LL BE BACK DIRECTLY!
AS STEVEN'S DEPARTING FOOTSTEPS ECHO HOLLOWLY DOWN THE CORRIDOR...
BATMAN— WHAT'S UP? WHAT'S THIS ABOUT THE STONE?
WHY DID YOU TELL HIM THAT? WHEN HE FINDS YOU LIED, HE'LL BE SO FURIOUS HE'LL KILL YOU!
IT'S MY OWN GAMBLE— A DESPERATE CHANCE! BUT MAYBE IT'LL WORK!
BUT THERE IS NO TIME FOR EXPLANATIONS AS THE HEAVY TREAD OF HURRYING FEET MARKS THE HASTY RETURN OF STEVENS AND HIS HENCHMEN...
THERE'S THE STONE! START HACKING AWAY, BOYS!
WHAT A PLACE TO HIDE DA PLANS!
SHARP SLIVERS OF STONE FALL LIKE HAIL ABOUT THE THREE PRISONERS AS THE THUGS WORK WITH CHISEL AND PICK-AXE ON THE SLIMY WALLS...
BOY- DIS IS WORK! DIS DON'T SEEM LIKE NO FRESH JOB!
HEY! THE STONE CHIPS ARE FLYING ALL OVER US! BATMAN— ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
NEVER MIND THE GAB! JUST KEEP CHOPPING!
IS THE BATMAN ALL RIGHT? HE SEEMS TO BE PRETTY PREOCCUPIED! BUT WAIT—WHAT IS IT HE'S MANAGED TO PICK UP IN HIS BOUND HANDS?
I HAD AN IDEA THERE'D BE ENOUGH OF THESE STONE SLIVERS AROUND TO CUT MY BONDS WITH! GOOD THING IT'S DARK!
ALL RIGHT? I-I THINK SO, ROBIN!
9


RAISE THAT LIGHT A LITTLE! I CAN'T SEE!
HERE Y'ARE! HEY— THE BATMAN— HE'S—

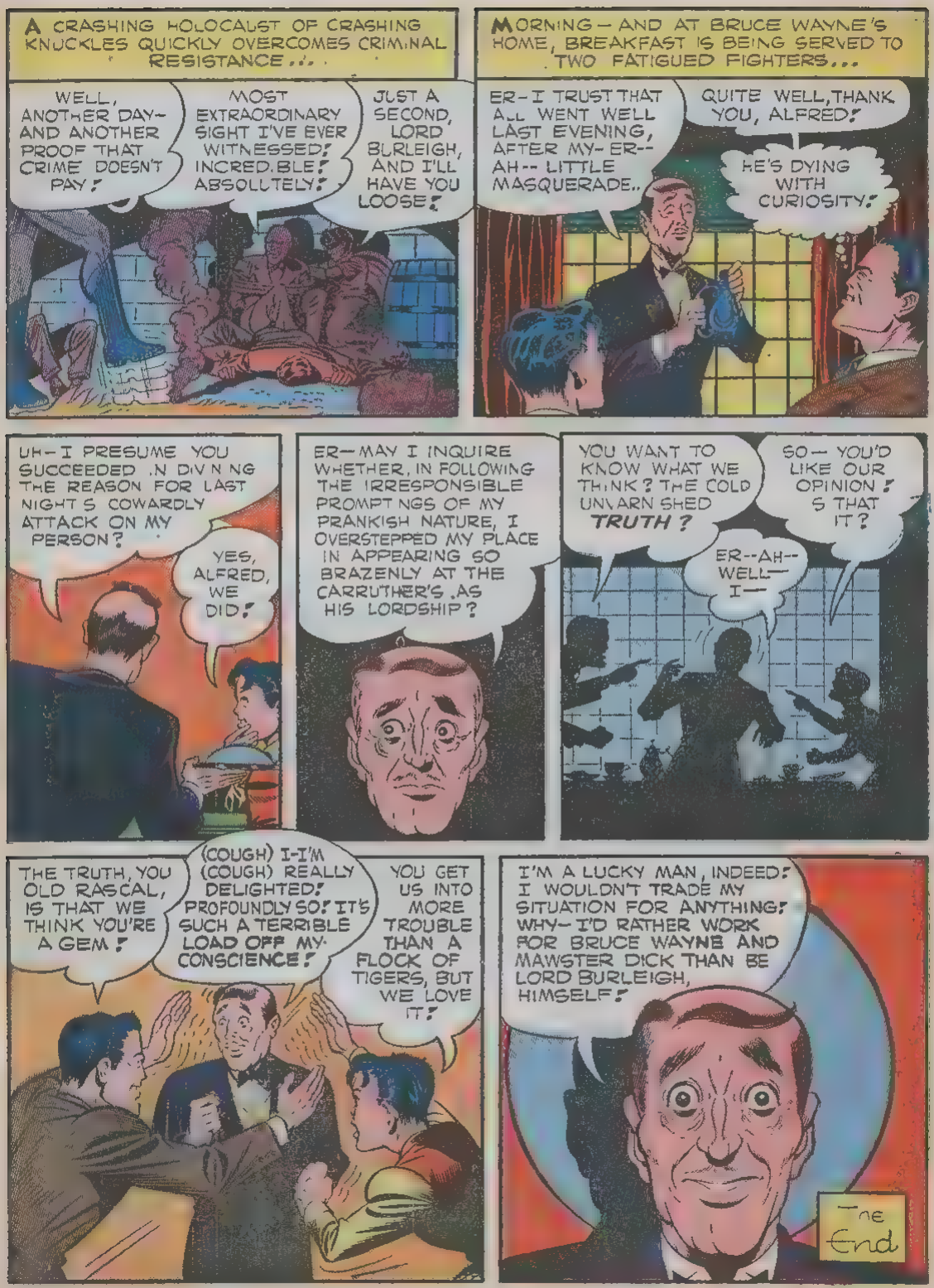

TRYIN' TA MAKE A BREAK, HUH! I'LL FIX YA!
THIS TIME, YOU'RE GOING TO BE IN A FIX!
HE'S LOOSE! QUICK— GET HIM!

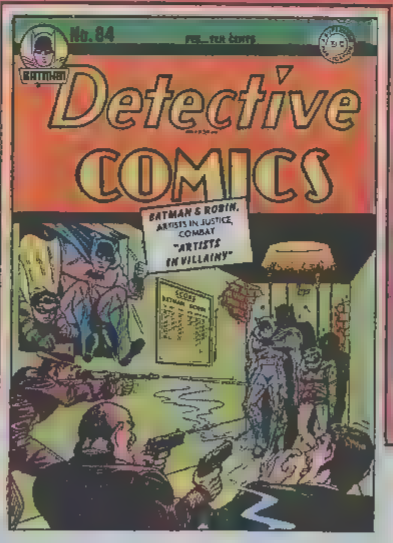

OUT LIKE A LIGHT, MY FELONIOUS FRIEND!
DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY! JUMP HIM! KILL HIM!

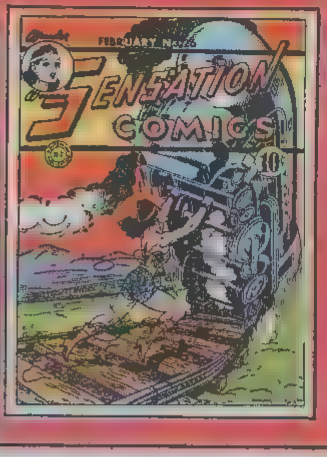

BUT IT HASN'T TAKEN LONG FOR KEEN WITTED ROBIN TO CUT HIS OWN BONDS WITH THE SHARP STONES...
HERE'S AN END TO YOUR CHISELING!
OKAY— ON THE NOGGIN!
THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!


DID YOU SAY ON THE NOGGIN?

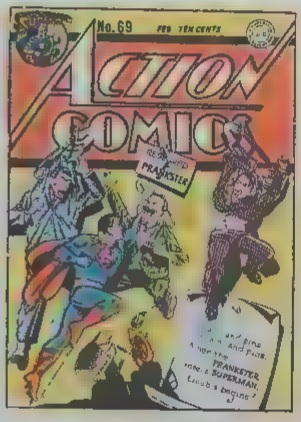
MAKE IT PLURAL!


A CRASHING HOLOCAUST OF CRASHING KNUCKLES QUICKLY OVERCOMES CRIMINAL RESISTANCE...
WELL, ANOTHER DAY- AND ANOTHER PROOF THAT CRIME DOESN'T PAY!
MOST EXTRAORDINARY SIGHT I'VE EVER WITNESSED! INCRED.BLE! ABSOLUTELY!
JUST A SECOND, LORD BURLEIGH, AND I'LL HAVE YOU LOOSE!
MORNING — AND AT BRUCE WAYNE'S HOME, BREAKFAST IS BEING SERVED TO TWO FATIGUED FIGHTERS...
ER-I TRUST THAT ALL WENT WELL LAST EVENING, AFTER MY- ER-- AH-- LITTLE MASQUERADE..
QUITE WELL, THANK YOU, ALFRED!
HE'S DYING WITH CURIOSITY!
UH-I PRESUME YOU SUCCEEDED .N DIV N NG THE REASON FOR LAST NIGHT S COWARDLY ATTACK ON MY PERSON?
YES, ALFRED, WE DID!
ER—MAY I INQUIRE WHETHER, IN FOLLOWING THE IRRESPONSIBLE PROMPT NGS OF MY PRANKISH NATURE, I OVERSTEPPED MY PLACE IN APPEARING SO BRAZENLY AT THE CARRUTHER'S ,AS HIS LORDSHIP?
YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT WE THINK? THE COLD UNVARN SHED TRUTH?
ER--AH-- WELL— I—
SO— YOU'D LIKE OUR OPINION! S THAT IT?
THE TRUTH, YOU OLD RASCAL, IS THAT WE THINK YOU'RE A GEM!
(COUGH) I-I'M (COUGH) REALLY DELIGHTED! PROFOUNDLY SO! IT'S SUCH A TERRIBLE LOAD OFF MY CONSCIENCE!
YOU GET US INTO MORE TROUBLE THAN A FLOCK OF TIGERS, BUT WE LOVE IT!
I'M A LUCKY MAN, INDEED! I WOULDN'T TRADE MY SITUATION FOR ANYTHING! WHY- I'D RATHER WORK FOR BRUCE WAYNE AND MAWSTER DICK THAN BE LORD BURLEIGH, HIMSELF!
The End





BATMAN AND ROBIN APPEAR EVERY MONTH IN DETECTIVE COMICS



A SUPERMAN PUBLICATION DC

NOW ON SALE EVERYWHERE

A SUPERMAN PUBLICATION DC

HERO'S MISSION

by George Brandon

IT IS NOT so much the deed as public belief in the doer that makes the hero. So, to the Nazis, Major Shulz of the Luftwaffe, was a hero. Shulz had a number of ruined schools to his credit and the way he bombed innocent women and children and smashed hospitals in England earned him the praise of his men. Yes, Major Shulz was a hero.

* * *

At least *he* thought so. He sat now in the dimly lit shanty which was headquarters for the hidden air base here on the bleak coast of Norway and studied his plans. Tonight, he would take to the air with his new bomber and picked crew of men—all willing to die for the Fuehrer.

"Only tonight," Shulz chuckled to himself, "they really will die." He grinned, and then his face became severe. What if he, alone, were to save his skin? Why should not he, the perfect men? That, and only that, was his destiny!

His forehead furrowed in thought. What was the matter with the High Command, sending only one bomber out to blast the new munitions plant the accursed English had built? He shook his head as though to shake out the answer he already knew. That plant wasn't completed yet! Hadn't his own brother-in-law, in the Gestapo, told him so, the information coming straight from Intelligence?

And now Major Shulz, himself, had been directed to proceed to the objective and blast it to bits. Impatiently, Shulz drummed his fingers on the table, and muttered: "It is the work of Colonel Laufler. He wants to get rid of me, I'm certain of it." Anger crowded into his eyes. Laufler! They had been political enemies of long standing. But Laufler was now in Intelligence and he, Shulz, a fighting man had been risking his life every moment.

Major Shulz got to his feet as footsteps sounded outside the door. He heard the sentry's challenge and then, "I will inform the Herr Major. Get back to your work, you Dutch swine!"

Well, now his plan was ready Shulz smiled to himself as he started across the airport to where the huge bomber was waiting up in darkness. He was almost happy thinking how he would put one over on his old enemy, Laufler. What a surprise Laufler would get to discover the objective had been destroyed, but that Major Shulz had flown through it.

He repressed a laugh. It was dark on the field, but just the same, it didn't pay to take too many chances. Always be careful—that was the philosophy which had earned him his command here. Even be careful about laughing so that these accursed Dutch swine, who worked about the airfields, would not think their captors were soft. The iron fist and the crafty mind—those two things would win this war for the Fuehrer.

And for Shulz? More and more recognition. It was not beyond the realm of possibility for a man to become a Marshal. Look at that upstart in Africa, who had had no schooling! A look of annoyance flitted momentarily over Shulz' face. It was funny about the fellow, they didn't seem to hear much of him anymore.

The plane's shadow, like a monstrous, snoring giant, loomed before Shulz' face. A voice at his elbow said: "We are ready, Herr Major."

Shulz moved toward the steps, to climb into the nose of the snoring giant. There was a sudden commotion in the darkness. Then the sound of a blow was heard. A voice cried out in Dutch, then was quiet.

"What goes on there?" Shulz cried out, his voice stern.

"I am sorry, Herr Major," another voice answered. "This Dutch pig placed the wheel block too tightly. But I have it out now." The glow of a flashlight came on for a moment and Shulz, getting into the plane grunted approval as the man who held the light kicked one of the Dutch labor conscripts. Shulz nodded as pain contorted the man's face. Then he paused, momentarily interested by the face. It was young but also it was old, as though the tortures of the damned were etched in it.

He heard Kobel's voice. "The Herr Major is ready?"

"Yes." Shulz climbed into the cockpit and took his seat. He imagined he could feel the admiring glances of his crew. They knew he needed no co-pilot. Five times now had he guided this plane safely across the channel, and five times had he and his crew had gotten back. Tonight, however, only he would return. He smiled reflectively and pulled back on the stick. The big ship zoomed skyward. Yes, Laufler would never know that in addition to carrying bombs this ship was also bearing a cargo of nitro-glycerine.

"Major."

Shulz looked up, annoyed at the interruption.

Kobel said: "Down below, Herr Major. Are they not signalling us?"

Shulz looked down. The fools—did they not know better than to use the blinker like that? He was clear of the field. For a moment, he was tempted to use his radio, then recalled that such a use was *verboten* around this field. The English had a nasty habit of picking up wireless messages.

"It is nothing," Shulz said. "Get back to your place." He wanted to think over again, as he had done so many times this

past forty-eight hours, his plan of escape.

The bomber would be headed into the objective. But he, Shulz, having set the automatic pilot, would be at the escape door, parachuting to safety. There was no thought in Shulz' mind that he might be captured by the British Home Guard. He was, he assured himself, much too smart for them.

Shulz studied his map. They were high above the Channel now. He called the navigating room and his calculations checked. Good. In fifteen more minutes they would be over their objective and then. . . .

* * *

Shulz started. For the first time, he noticed that the bottom half of his gas gauge was partly covered by a sheet of paper. Annoyed, he reached for it, wondering how it had managed to get away from the tightly clipped pad of paper strapped to his knee.

And then he found his eyes fixed on the paper. He was unable to tear them away. It wasn't a paper at all—it was an old photograph!

"Leuenhock!" The name slipped from suddenly whitened lips. It as though the past had flashed up and struck him. Paul Leuenhock! He had thought the man was dead, killed during a work conscription riot in Germany, to where Leuhenhock had been brought after the invasion of Holland.

Pictures whirled through Shulz' mind. His early days when Paul had been his friend, his visits during vacation time to the Leuhenhock home, their good times back in Heidelberg where Paul had been studying chemistry, and then the meeting in the Nazi work camp, where he had denied knowing Paul. He had seen Paul lashed and now, suddenly, there came into his mind the pain-tortured face of his friend. He had thought he had gotten it out—but it was still there, fresh and vivid. "I'll have to visit the psychiatrist on my next leave," Shulz now mumbled to himself. "It is a fixation, purely a fixation . . . a . . . a . . ."

His ears heard the sound, the ominous sound. The motors—they were sputtering Shulz looked at the gas gauge. There should have been plenty of gas to get there—plenty. And enough to return.

Feet sounded behind him. It was one of the mechanics. The man's face was white. "There is a leak, Herr Major," he cried, hoarsely. "Sabotage!"

Shulz stared at him.

"Acid," the man said. "It has eaten our tanks away. But how . . . how could it happen . . . ?" His eyes were crying with fear. "Nobody can touch my motors." Startled, his eyes bored into Shulz' face, now ashen with fear. "Herr Major. What is the matter?"

Shulz, laughing wildly, was stuffing something in his mouth. It was the picture. "I'll get rid of it," he cried, wildly. "I'll get rid of it." He burst into maniacal laughter as the plane plummeted toward the cliffs of Dover.

* * *

Searchlights fingered the sky and there was the burst of shells. But Shulz did not hear them. He did not see the lights, nor could he see the frightened faces of his crew, too stunned to remember to parachute. They were trained only to act on command. And while they waited for the command, Major Shulz was not looking at them. He was looking at a picture. A picture of a young but old face, with the tortures of the damned etched in the face that showed in the light of a torch.

"Paul Leuenhock," Shulz whispered. "Paul Leuenhock, he came back from the dead to spread that acid on my plane tonight! *He* was that worker." Madness roamed in Shulz eyes. "I'll kill him," he cried. "I'll . . ."

He did not finish. The plane had reached, not its objective but the end of its journey. With a roar of madness, it crashed to its death.

And miles away a Dutch work conscript, slept peacefully, for the first night in many nights of torture, in his foul-smelling quarters and the Nazi watchman, flashing a torch on the prisoner's face, sneered. "These accursed Dutch," he muttered, "with their young faces and their smiles. We will wipe them off."

He kicked the sleeping prisoner and walked away.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933 of BATMAN published bi-monthly at New York, N. Y. for October 1, 1943.

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me a notary public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared J. S. Liebowitz, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of the BATMAN COMICS and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, Detective Comics, Inc., 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Editor, F. W. Ellsworth, 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Managing Editor, None. Business Manager, J. S. Liebowitz, 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Detective Comics, Inc., 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y., H. Donenfeld, 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y., P. H. Sampliner, 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

J. S. LIEBOWITZ, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1943.
ALFRED B. YAFFE, Notary Public. (My commission expires March 30, 1944.)

JERRY
THE JITTERBUG
HENRY BOLTINOFF
BRR-- WHAT A DAY FOR ME TO MAKE AN APPOINTMENT ON A STREET CORNER !
I WISH HOMER WOULD HURRY - BRRR IT'S FREEZING!
THAT LAME BRAIN IS A HALF HOUR LATE ALREADY! WAIT'LL I SEE HIM !!
TWO HOURS AND 5,000,000 SNOW FLAKES LATER
WELL, I FINALLY TORE MYSELF AWAY FROM THAT JAM SESSION !
NOW WHERE'S JERRY? HE COULD HAVE WAITED A FEW MINUTES FOR ME !
BOP
I WAITED FOR YOU, CHUM, NOW YOU WAIT FOR THE STREET CLEANING DEPARTMENT TO COME AND PICK YOU UP!
JERRY!

BATMAN WITH ROBIN

GOTHAM CITY STAR
FINAL
Vol 25 No 230
32 Pages - 2 Cents
TAX RETURNS SHOW THREE ECCENTRICS TO BE RICHEST PEOPLE IN NATION!!
DISTRUSTS BANKS
WILL LEAVE ESTATE
OPEN WALLET
HILLTOP CASTLE
EBENEZER FLINT OF GOTHAM CITY... WHO DOESN'T TRUST BANKS! HIS FORTUNE RUMORED TO BE HIDDEN IN PRIVATELY BUILT WALL-SAFE.
GLADYS PUFFE OF BELLE-VILLE AND HER CONSTANT COMPANION! SHE HAS VOWED TO LEAVE HER ENTIRE ESTATE TO HER PET PEKINGESE!!
JOHN WHITE... WHOSE HILLTOP CASTLE IS ALWAYS OPEN TO THE HOMELESS... AND WHOSE WALLET IS OPEN TO THE NEEDY!!
FLASH ★★★★ BRAGGING TONGUES CEASE WAGGING.... FINGERS DRUM NERVOUSLY... AND EYES BECOME SLITTED WITH APPREHENSION AS A SMILING LITTLE MAN WADDLES PAST... FOR THE CURIOUS, DUMPY FIGURE IS THE PENGUIN... MAN OF A THOUSAND UMBRELLAS!! MOVING WITH THE STEALTH OF A JUNGLE CAT... AND STRIKING WITH THE FEROCITY OF A COBRA.. THE LITTLE MAN RUNS RAMPANT UNTIL TWO CAPED FIGURES... THE DARING BATMAN AND EQUALLY RESOURCEFUL ROBIN THE BOY WONDER.. TAKE TO HIS TRAIL AND BLAST WIDE OPEN ONE OF THE MOST SINISTER PLOTS OF ALL TIME... WHEN THEY SOLVE THE CASE OF... THE THREE ECCENTRICS!"
IN A SINISTER GOTHAM CITY DIVE, STRIDENT TONES CUT THROUGH A THICK WALL OF SMOKE..
AND THAT'S WHAT I MEAN! PICK A PAPER OUTTA THE GUTTER AN' WHAT DO I READ! WALL SAFES... POOCHES... CHARITY!? AN'... GUYS LIKE US.. IS BROKE!

LOOKA ME! SAM CHIZZELL, EXPOIT ON ROBBIN' WALL-SAFES AN I AIN'T JIMMED A CRIB OPEN IN WEEKS BECAUSE RICH GUYS LIKE EBENEZER FLINT GIVE A WALL-SAFE YA GOTTA BLAST OPEN!
HOWSA 'BOUT ME?? I'M CALLED 'SPIDER' 'CAUSE I'M THE BEST SECOND-STORY MAN IN THE BUSINESS! SO WHAT?? SO I AIN'T BEEN ABLE TO PULL A HEIST IN MONTHS!
THAT, SIR, IS YOUR FAULT!
WHO SAID... LOOK! A FAT SHRIMP SOAKIN' MILK AT DE BAR.. AN' HE'S GOT THE NOIVE TO BUST INTO OUR CONVERSATION!
TUT! YOUR CONVERSATION IS BORING!
FAT SQUOT!! I'LL TEACH YA TO USE SUCH LANGUAGE AGAINST ME PAL!
BUT THE ODD LITTLE MAN DOES NOT ATTEMPT TO AVOID THE CHARMING THUG! CALMLY, SMILINGLY, HE FLEXES HIS UMBRELLA...
..AND...
OW-W-W-W
YOU'RE IN A RUT, FRIEND! MUST YOU ALWAYS USE WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE??
CRACK
CH-CH ZZELL! H-HE USED AN UMBRELLA ON YA! DO YA REALIZE WHAT IT MEANS??? HE MUST BE THE...
THE PENGUIN!!
CHARMED!
WON'T YA PLEASE CONTINUE WITH WHAT YA WAS GONNA SAY, MISTER PENGUIN?
FRANKLY... YOU REVOLT ME! AND.. AS PRACTITIONERS OF CRIME... YOU MEN ARE A DISGRACE TO THE PROFESSION!!
HOWEVER... I WAS ALWAYS KNOWN FOR SOFT-HEARTEDNESS! GIVE ME THAT NEWSPAPER YOU HAD AND I WILL SECURE---FOR ALL OF US---UNTOLD WEALTH FROM THE VERY TRIO YOU MENTIONED! EBENEZER FLINT... GLADYS PUFFE... ...JOHN WHITE !!!
2

TWENTY HOURS LATER... AND A GROTESQUE LITTLE MAN RINGS THE DOORBELL OF... EBENEZER FLINT!
DUM DEE DA DUM... AH! I HEAR THE FOOTSTEPS OF MINE HOST!
1230 CLINTON AVE
GET AWAY! GET AWAY! NO PEDDLERS ALLOWED!
PEDDLERS! HARUMPHS!! MY GOOD MAN, I AM ONLY TRYING TO RETURN SOME MONEY YOU DROPPED IN THE STREET AND...
...AND... ...ER... ...ULP...
STOP GABBING AND GIVE ME MY MONEY!
AND DON'T EXPECT ANY REWARD! GOODBYE!
1230
NO REWARD, EH? THE VIEW I GOT OF THE HOUSE'S INTERIOR SHOWING THE WALL-SAFE IN THE DRAWING ROOM IS REWARD ENOUGH!
SLAM
HOW FORTUNATE THAT THIS WINDOW GIVES AN ANGLE VIEW OF THE WALL-SAFE!
MINUTES DRAG ALONG... BUT THE PENGUIN WAITS PATIENTLY... UNTIL...
CLANK
COME, LITTLE UMBRELLA, THAT SOUND MEANS WE MUST BOTH DEPART!
MODERN SCIENCE! I'D TAKE MY HAT OFF TO IT... IF I HAD THE TIME! ONLY A VERITABLE GENIUS COULD HAVE INVENTED SO SMALL A MOTION PICTURE CAMERA WITH TELESCOPIC LENSES!
BRISKLY WADDLING ALONG... THE PENGUIN HEADS FOR A CHEAP ROOMING HOUSE... AND THEN...
GIVING FLINT MY MONEY WAS A GOOD INVESTMENT... FOR HE GREEDILY RUSHED IT INTO HIS SAFE --- JUST AS I THOUGHT HE WOULD! THERE'S THE COMBINATION! LIKE MY PHOTOGRAPHY?
S'MARVELOUS!

THAT VERY NIGHT... SHADOWED AGAINST THE SKIES OVER GOTHAM CITY... A WEIRD CRAFT GUIDED BY BATMAN AND ROBIN THE BOY WONDER, EFFORTLESSLY CLEAVES THE CLOUDS! THE BATPLANE!!
POLICE CARS! ATTENTION! PROCEED TO 1230 CLINTON AVENUE...
HOME OF EBENEZER FLINT...
CLICK
EBENEZER FLINT! WHEW!! SOMEONE'S TRYING TO GET RICH IN A HURRY! TAKE OVER THE CONTROLS, ROBIN... WE'RE ON OUR WAY!
CHECK!
CLICK
MINUTES AFTER... AND THE BATPLANE GLIDES DOWN TOWARDS FLINT'S HOME... A CAPED FIGURE CLINGING TO THE END OF A ROPE-LADDER..
NICE FLYING ROBIN... AND HERE'S HOPING I MAKE THAT GLASS SKYLIGHT!
MEANWHILE... BELOW...
YOU...(CHOKE)... WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS! BY OPENING THE SAFE AFTER EIGHT P.M... YOU'VE SET OFF AN AUTOMATIC ALARM!
VERY INTERESTING... BUT I DON'T BELIEVE YOU!
LOOK, MISTER PENGUIN! THANKS TO YOU WE'RE RICH! RICH!!
PAH! A PALTRY AMOUNT! BUT... WE'VE ONLY BEGUN! LET'S GO!
BUT JUST THEN.. A HURTLING BODY CRASHES THROUGH THE SKYLIGHT...
PARDON ME FOR DROPPING IN UNANNOUNCED!
THE BATMAN!
LANDING LIGHTLY... THE BATMAN EXPLODES INTO BLASTING ACTION!
AAAAAGH
BIRDFACE... ...MEET FISHFACE!

HE CAN'T DO DAT TO TH' PENGUIN!
DON'T USE YER GAT! TOO MUCH NOISE! GRAB A POKER FROM THE F.REPLACE!
HMMM... VERY, VERY INTERESTING--- OH-OH!! COMPANY!
* GOTHAM CITY STAR... TAX RETURNS SHOW THAT... ENTHUS TO BE RICHEST... IN NATION!
I'M GONNA BEND THIS POKER RIGHT OVER THE FAMOUS BATMAN SKULL!
LOOKA HIM! HE'S TRYIN' TO CLIMB THE WALL! HAW!
THE BATMAN WHIRLS AS THE THUGS NEAR HIM .. AND...
GENTLEMEN... THE FISHING SEASON IS IN FULL SWING!
OOOF
AND NOW... A DONATION OF A FEW ASSORTED KNUCKLES!
SUDDENLY... WITHOUT WARNING... A COILED NOOSE HISSES THROUGH THE AIR...
EH? OH.. HELLO ROBIN, ME LAD!
THOUGHT I'D PITCH IN BEFORE YOU TOOK CARE OF EVERYBODY!
HE DIDN'T!
WHO SAID... OH! LOOKS LIKE I DIDN'T HIT YOU HARD ENOUGH! NEXT TIME...
BATMAN... THERE WILL BE NO NEXT TIME!
AND A PLUMP FINGER TIGHTENS ABOUT THE DEADLY UMBRELLA...
ROBIN! CHARGE BEFORE... UGH... GASP...
UH (CHOKE) ...
EEEEEEEEE
ONE OF MY CALLING CARDS! KNOCKOUT GAS.. AND..AH! FLINT SPOKE THE TRUTH! I HEAR A POLICE SIREN!
5

COULDN'T FREE OURSELVES, MISTER PENGUIN!
VERY DROLL! THE SWORDFISH THAT SUBDUED YOU NOW FREES YOU!!
MINUTES LATER...
SAY! WHAT GOES ON HERE?
MY MONEY.. OHHHH MY HEAD... MY MONEY... IT'S GONE!
PENGUIN WAS HERE.. RAN OUT BACK WAY... AHHHHH! MY EYES!
GOT... GOT TO CHASE PENGUIN!
WE'RE CHASING ALL RIGHT... AFTER A DOCTOR!!
KNIFING THROUGH TRAFFIC.... THE POLICE CAR SPEEDS TO THE CITY HOSPITAL... WHERE...
H-HOW ARE THEY, DOC?
CAN'T TELL YET! THEY'VE RECEIVED A SEVERE DOSE OF A NEW KIND OF KNOCKOUT GAS! I HOPE I CAN PULL THEM THRU!
RULES
LONG, ANXIOUS MINUTES DRAG BY... ... AND THEN...
WHEW! WHAT AMAZING VITALITY! THEY'RE COMING OUT OF IT!
TH-THANK HEAVENS! THE POLICE DEPARTMENT WOULD RATHER HAVE BATMAN AND ROBIN ALIVE... THAN A THOUSAND PENGUINS CAPTURED!
EMERGENCY WARD
QUIET
AT THAT MOMENT, IN BELLEVILLE TEN MILES AWAY,... A CURIOUS SCENE IS BEING ENACTED!...
GO AHEAD.. AND EARN THE CREAM I GAVE YOU!
MEEOWR
SPFFT
ARF ARF
GRRARF
SO YOU ARE GLADYS PUFFE'S LITTLE BUNDLE OF JOY, EH? WELL... COME TO POPPA PENGUIN!
AND ONE OF THE PENGUIN'S THOUSAND UMBRELLAS RECEIVES A SNARLING VICTIM...

LATER... IN AN ALLEY... THE FIRM OF PENGUIN, CHIZZELL AND SPIDER HOLD A MEETING...
HE'S CUTE B'JOVE!
SURE HE'S CUTE! SO WHAT? WHAT GOOD IS A POOCH GONNA DO US?
LOW-BORN BOOR! LET IT PENETRATE YOUR THICK SKULL THAT NOT ONLY WILL I GET A TREMENDOUS REWARD FOR RETURNING THE DOG,.. BUT IT WILL ALSO AFFORD ME AN OPPORTUNITY TO.. AH.. "CASE" MISS GLADYS PUFFE'S DOMAIN!!
WHA-- OUCH!
YEAH.. SURE.. THAT'S RIGHT! I GUESS THAT'S WHY I LET A LIDDLE GUY LIKE YOU SHOVE ME AROUN'! YOU GOT BRAING.... AN' UMBRELLAS!!
AND.. AT THAT VERY MOMENT..
YOU TWO SHOULD STAY A WHILE LONGER! YOU NEED THE REST!
THANKS FOR EVERYTHING, DOCTOR.. BUT WE'LL TAKE OUR REST AFTER WE LAND THE PENGUIN!
CHURNING FEET SPEED TO THE BATMOBILE'S HIDDEN GARAGE!
WHERE'RE WE GOING, BATMAN?
TO BELLEVILLE! WE'LL SAVE TIME BY TAKING THE SHORTCUT THAT RUNS PAST THE QUICKSAND BED!
I GOT A GLIMPSE OF THE NEWSPAPER THE PENGUIN DROPPED IN FLINT'S HOUSE.. AND IT HAD PICTURES OF FLINT... GLADYS PUFFE.. AND JOHN WHITE! THE PENGUIN HAS ALREADY ATTACKED FLINT.. SO IT'S LOGICAL TO THINK HE'S GOING AFTER THE OTHERS!
BELLEVILLE'S ONLY TEN MILES FROM GOTHAM CITY... SO WE'LL GO THERE FIRST! IF THE PENGUIN ISN'T IN BELLEVILLE WE'LL KEEP GOING TO JOHN WHITE'S CASTLE.. EVEN THOUGH JOHN WHITE WON'T BE THERE!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
BUT ROBIN'S INQUIRY IS FORGOTTEN AS THE BATMOBILE ROARS INTO BELLEVILLE.. AND..
ROBIN! WE'RE IN LUCK! LOOK!!
THE PENGUIN.. .. AND I'M TAKING FIRST CRACK AT HIM FOR CUTTING UP MY SILK ROPE!

But that instant, another of the Penguin's versatile umbrella's reveal...
Now to collect... well...well!! the boy athletes are back again!
Tut! tut! my shoelace is undone! this'll never do!
Then... as Batman and Robin the boy wonder thunder towards their prey... the Penguin's chubby hand grasps a squealing ball of fire...
I dislike sports,, but at times they are--ah--necessary! this is a pass from center!
The unexpected onslaught throws Robin off balance..
C-can't stop... aieeeeeee!
Yike Yike
Wack
Eyes flashing fire..the enraged Batman starts a devastating thunderbolt at his boot--tops... and follows through!!
Here you are, pudgy! this is for Robin!
Ugh!
G-gosh! wh-what a sock! an' I know 'cause I sampled it!
C-can we help, mister Penguin?
Pah! cowardly wretches!
Coming at you, Penguin!
The Penguin's paw fumbles at a spring. ...and the umbrella's knob zips forward with murderous accuracy!
Arrgh-h
Meet my newest umbrella, Batman.. and you other two heroes dump him into the car! the doe eot away.. but Batman won't!!
Yessir!
8

AIN'T YA GONNA TAKE THAT ROBIN-BRAT ALONG?
NO! LET HIM LIVE TO TELL THE POLICE HOW I THE PENGUIN, BEAT DOWN THE BATMAN! IF THAT DOESN'T MAKE THE POLICE RESPECT ME... NOTHING WILL!
AND, AS THE PENGUIN'S CAR ZOOMS AWAY, A FATIGUED, DESPERATE ROBIN TRIES TO DRAG HIMSELF OFF THE GROUND...
TAKING BATMAN WAY WE GAME... QUICKSAND... M-MUST GET UP! AHHH!
SOON AFTER... A GRIM SCENE TAKES PLACE ALONG A LONELY PATCH OF ROAD!
ONE-A... TWO-A...
HAW!
LESS LEVITY! THROW HIM INTO THE QUICKSAND BEFORE HE RETURNS TO CONSCIOUSNESS!
SPIDER AND CHIZZELL SEND THE BATMAN'S BODY LOOPING... AND ...THE SUCKING SANDS RECEIVE THEIR VICTIM...
UH-UH HEY!
GREETINGS, BRIGHT EYES! ARE YOU [illegible] WITH THE... ER... VIEW??
...THE [illegible] OF MY UMBRELLA, BATMAN... SO THAT TO THE VERY END YOU'LL BE REMINDED OF THE PENGUIN!
GEARS CLASH... AS THE PENGUIN AND HIS COHORTS SPEEDAWAY... LEAVING THE BATMAN TO THE FATAL EMBRACE OF THE CLINGING SANDS!
DON'T KNOW WHAT GOOD MY SILK ROPE... AND THE PENGUIN'S UMBRELLA WILL DO ME... BUT I'LL HANG ON JUST IN CASE!
TIME WANES... AND THE BATMAN IS DRAWN INEXORABLY DOWNWARD!
WON'T BE LONG NOW! WELL... SO LONG, ROBIN, HOPE YOU'RE LUCKIER THAN I!
BUT AS DEATH'S BONY HANDS STRETCH TOWARDS A NEW VICTIM... THE STACCATO ROAR OF A SUPER-CHARGED MOTOR RENDS THE AIR!
IT CAN'T BE... MUST BE GETTING DELIRIOUS... NO! I'M WRONG! IT... IT'S THE BATMOBILE!

BATMAN! I...I WAS AFRAID I'D BE TOO LATE! THROW ONE END OF YOUR SILK ROPE TO ME!
CAN'T, ROBIN... CAN'T GET ENOUGH LEVERAGE TO MAKE THE THROW... BUT... I'VE GOT IT!!
FIGHTING DESPERATELY AGAINST TIME... AND THE SUCKING SANDS... BATMAN LOOPS HIS ROPE ABOUT HIS NECK... AND THEN RIPS AT THE PENGUIN'S UMBRELLA!
MUST HURRY... LITTLE TIME LEFT...
IF I DIE IT'LL BE THE PENGUIN'S DOING... AND IF I LIVE... I'LL HAVE TO THANK THE PENGUIN'S UMBRELLA!
FRENZIED FINGERS TIE A STRIP OF UMBRELLA CLOTH TO EITHER END OF A METAL UMBRELLA-RIB!
SAND'S COMING HIGHER... MUST WORK... FASTER...
BATMAN! P-PLEASE HURRY!
FINGERS FAIRLY RACING... THE BATMAN COILS HIS SILKEN ROPE UNDER HIS ARM-PITS ...TIES AN END OF THE TREMENDOUSLY STRONG MATERIAL TO A SLIM UMBRELLA RIB... AND...
DON'T WORRY, BATMAN! I'LL TIE THE END OF THE SILK ROPE TO THE BATMOBILE AND HAVE YOU OUT IN NO TIME!
BUT... EVEN AS ROBIN WORKS FRANTICALLY...
H-HE'S GONE UNDER!! THAT ROPE NEVER FAILED BEFORE... AND... (SOB)... ITS JUST GOTTA HOLD TOGETHER NOW!
SLOWLY... TO PREVENT STRAIN... THE BATMOBILE INCHES FORWARD... THE ROPE GETS TIGHTER... TAUTER... AND THEN...
...THE BATMAN'S PROPHECY IS FULFILLED! HE HAS BEEN SAVED BY THE PENGUIN'S UMBRELLA...

TWO DAYS LATER... A CAR TOILS UP A STEEP INCLINE... TO THE CASTLE-HOME OF... JOHN WHITE!!
M-MISTER PENGUIN! THE DOOR.. IT'S OPEN.N' WITHOUT NO ONE TOUCHIN' IT!
HULKING FOOL! COMPOSE YOURSELF! IT'S CAUSED BY A VAGRANT BREEZE!
DOID THAT OPEN THE DOOR?
IGNORANT LOUT! THAT ARMOR'S AS DEAD AS THE BATMAN
BOO
WHAT A CREEPY LOOKIN' DUMP!! BR-R-R-R!!
YOUR COWARDLY CHILLS WILL VANISH BEFORE THE WARMTH OF... MONEY!!
WHA--- OH-H-H-H! IT'S THE GHOST OF THE BATMAN!
THAT'S NOT FUNNY!
IT IS FUNNY!
IN FACT IT'S SO FUNNY THAT YOU'RE DOUBLED UP WITH LAUGHTER!
OOULUF
SPIDER... WE GOTTA BE BRAVE! IF WE DON'T GET THE BATMAN... THE PENGUIN WILL GET US!
BEGONE, VILE VARLETS!

WHO... WHAT... GULP!! A CRAZY CASTLE.. THE BATMAN IS ALIVE... AND... AND... THAT DEAD THING WALKS AND TALKS!
STOP JABBERIN' ... AN LETS USE THESE CHAIRS!!
I C-CAN'T HELP JABBERIN'... LOOK!
AWK! THAT ...UH... THING... DON'T FEEL NOTHIN'!
HA HA HA HA
AND GRIMLY, IMPLACABLY, THE METAL FIGURE ADVANCES UPON THE TERROR-STRICKEN THUGS!
TWO BODIES ARE JOLTED INTO UNCONSCIOUSNESS AS A METAL-SHOD FIST CRASHES FORWARD!
ILL-MANNERED KNAVES.. THIS WILL TEACH YE TO RESPECT YOUR BETTERS!
AI-I-E-E-E-E
MEANWHILE...THE BATMAN HAS BEEN USING HIS OWN FISTS LIKE TWIN PILE-DRIVERS!
STOP! DESIST! UUGGH!
DON'T BREAK UP CLOSE RELATIONSHIPS, PENGUIN...
...ESPECIALLY BETWEEN MY FISTS AND YOUR CHIN!
CHILDISH BUFFOON...
AH! THE CHANDELIER!
SURPRISINGLY NIMBLE FOR ONE SO PLUMP.. THE PENGUIN LAUNCHES HIMSELF UPWARDS... HOOKS HIS UMBRELLA ABOUT THE CHANDELIER... AND...
IT IS NOW MY TURN TO MAKE USE OF THIS SPLENDID CHANDELIER!
AGHHH
SECONDS LATER...
NOW TO... AH! OUR VISITOR FROM THE DIM PAST, EH?
STOUT CHURL... I'LL REND THY LARDED LIMBS APART!
NOT WHILE THE FLAME-THROWER IS IN MY UMBRELLA!
AHHHH !!
AS THE PENGUINS DUMPY BODY CLATTERS OUT THE CASTLE-DOORS...
ROBIN... ARE YOU HURT?
JUST A MILD CASE OF SINGEING... THANKS TO THIS METAL UNDERWEAR! SAY!... WHERE'S THE PENGUIN?

WINDED, PUFFING WITH EXERTION, THE PENGUIN SCAMPERS FOR SAFETY!
MUST... MUST BEAT A STRATEGIC RETREAT... PUFF... PUFF...
SILENTLY, EFFORTLESSLY, A TRIM-MUSCLED FORM FLITS THROUGH THE AIR OVERHEAD! THE BATMAN!
EH? ... UH--- JH--- KEEP AWAY LEST MY FLAME-THROWER... ER... ER... BURN YOU UP!
YOO HOO, PENGUIN... REMEMBER ME!
STOP KIDDING ME, LITTLE MAN! IF YOUR UMBRELLA CONTAINED ANOTHER FLAME-CHARGE YOU WOULDN'T HAVE RUN AWAY!
OHHHHHH
THAT NIGHT... TWO MANTLED FIGURES DOFF THEIR COSTUMES REVEALING THEMSELVES TO BE PLAYBOY BRUCE WAYNE AND HIS WARD, DICK GRAYSON!
WELL, BRUCE... SPIDER, CHIZZELL AND THE PENGUIN ARE IN JAIL... BUT ONE THING STILL PUZZLES ME! HOW DID YOU KNOW--- BEFORE WE ARRIVED--- THAT JOHN WHITE WOULDN'T BE AT HIS CASTLE!
SPORT PAGE
YANKS WIN 8-5
LOOK, DICK! WHEN WE SURPRISED THE PENGUIN IN EBENEZER FLINT'S HOME I BENT OVER TO SEE THE NEWSPAPER HE DROPPED! THIS IS A COPY— AND IT SHOWS THE DATE-LINE IS 1941!! AND----------
GOTHAM CITY STAR FINAL
---JOHN WHITE DIED OVER A YEAR AGO!!
STRANGE! THE PENGUIN GOT MONEY FROM THE MISERLY FLINT... ALMOST SUCCEEDED IN STEALING FROM THE FOOLISH MISS PUFFE... BUT FAILED COMPLETELY WHEN HE TRIED TO ROB A DEAD MAN! A DEAD MAN WHOSE LIFE HAD BEEN DEVOTED TO CHARITY! HMMM... MUST BE A MORAL SOMEWHERE!
AT THAT VERY MOMENT... A PUDGY FIGURE SCREAMS WITH FUTILE RAGE!
ME! BEHIND BARS! BAH! NO PRISON WAS EVER BUILT THAT CAN CLIP THE WINGS OF... THE PENGUIN! I'M GETTING OUT!!

OUTGUESS THE WEATHERMAN

AMAZING FORECASTER

PREDICTS THE WEATHER 24 HOURS IN ADVANCE

READ ALL ABOUT THE "SWISS" WEATHER HOUSE AND **FREE** GIFT OFFER IF YOU ACT AT ONCE

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Since our Government has banned weather forecasts and temperature reports many folks have had to buy expensive barometers to forecast the weather. **Why pay $5 or $10 for a barometer when you can predict the weather yourself, at home, 8 to 24 hours in advance, with this accurate, inexpensive Weather House forecaster?** It's made like a little Swiss cottage, with a thatched green roof and small green shutters. Inside the house is an old witch and a little boy and girl. When the weather's going to be fine, the little boy and girl come out in front. But when bad weather is on the way the old witch makes an appearance. There is an easy-to-read thermometer on the front of the cottage that shows you the exact temperature. **You can depend on knowing the condition of the weather from eight to twenty-four hours in advance with this Weather House, made in U. S. A. . . .** Everyone—business men, house wives, teachers, farmers, school children, laborers, doctors, lawyers, ministers, clubs and colleges can now predict the weather in advance. **Here is positively the most amazing introductory advertising offer ever made.** You must act quickly — prices may rise.

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AS IT GROWS FOR YOU

EACH TINY PLANT PRODUCES THIS

Yours free—for prompt action. It will grow in your room placed to the window curtain. This leaf grows a plant at every notch. The small plants may be detached and potted if desired. When planted in earth, it grows two feet tall and blooms beautifully. The blooms may be cut and dried and they will hold their beauty for years. This plant is being studied by some of our leading Universities and is rating very high in plant evolution.

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"Please rush 6 more Weather Houses. I want to give them away as gifts. They are wonderful." Mrs. O. P., South Bay, Mich.

"I saw your Weather House at a friend's home and the way they raved about it, I decided to order one for myself." - Mrs. L. R., Chicago, Ill.

"Ever since I got my Weather House I've been able to plant my flowers a day ahead. It's wonderful!" Mrs. D. L. B., Shenandoah, Iowa

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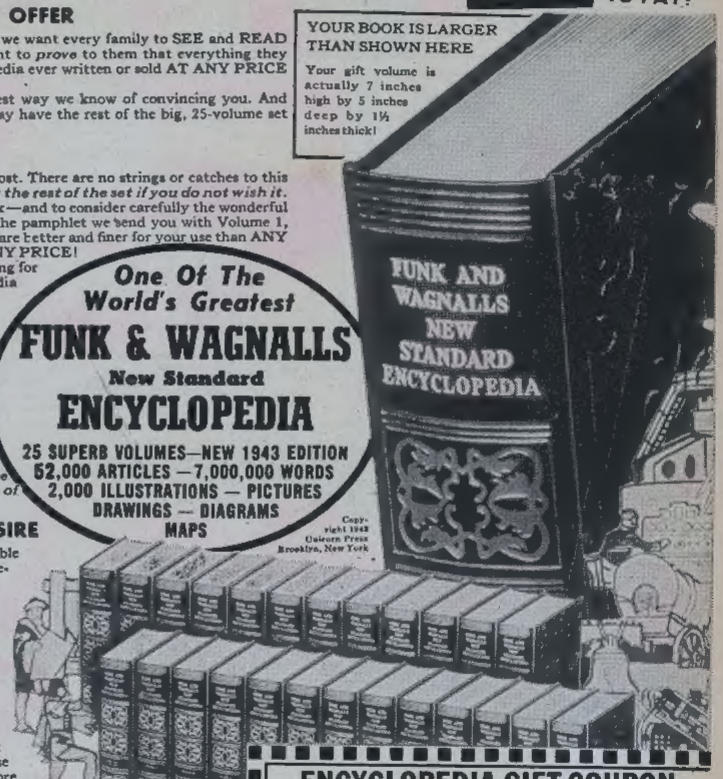

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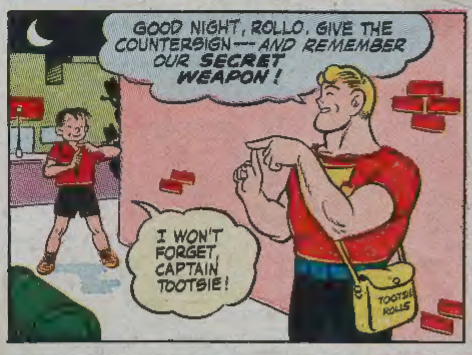

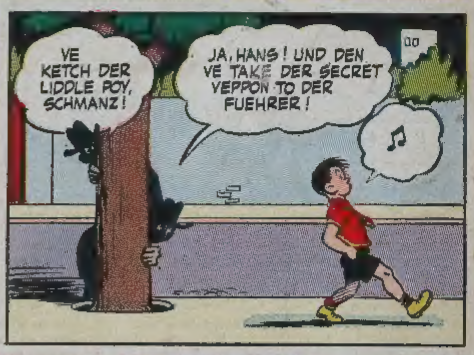

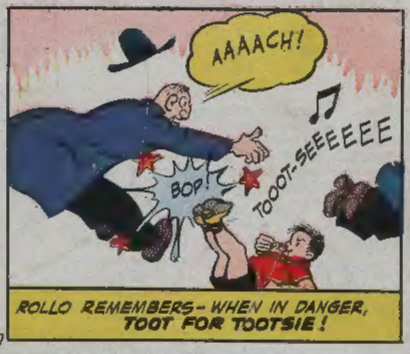

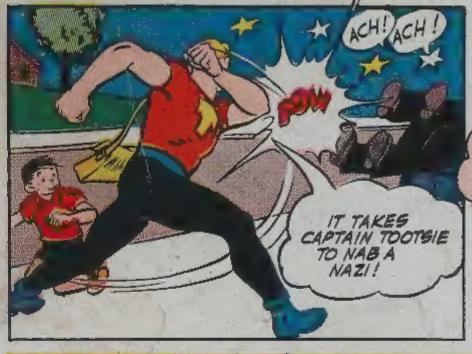

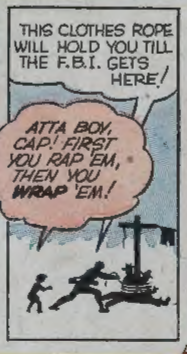

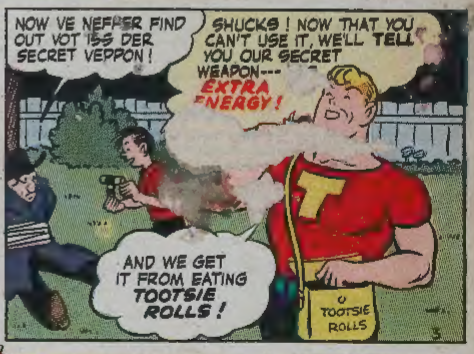
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